THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages
I cast my longing eyes,
Before me, like a boundless sea,
The Great Hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom
Perpetual summer smiles,
And gathers like a golden robe
Around the emerald isles.

There, in the blue, long distance,
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem to see the flowing groves
Of the old Beulah land.

And far beyond the islands,
That gem the waves serene,
The image of the cloudless shore
Of holy heaven is seen.

Unto the Great Hereafter—
Aforetime dim and dark—
I freely now and gladly give
Of life the wand'ring bark.

And in the far-off haven,
When shadowy seas are passed,
By angel hands its quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.

—*Otway Curry, Esq.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

OVER-NIGHT AT THE ORPHANS' HOME.

I remained over night, at the Home, the night after the Anniversary, June 26th. I was anxious to see the orphans in their every-day robes; the daily routine of work, study and worship, &c. And all these items I witnessed, and am ready to report on favorably. In no school is a true Christian culture more earnestly and persistently emphasized. If I had the charge of one or more wards, I would at once try to enter them at Bethany Orphans' Home. Nor is the literary part a whit behind that of the Academy. Latin, Mathematics, Music, and other branches of a liberal education, are brought up with credit to instructors and pupils. The foundation of the culture of a number of men and women, who act their parts well in life, was laid there.

The regular prayers, morning and evening, with these inmates, is truly pathetic. The catechism, the creed, the commandments, the Holy Scriptures, are not side things here; not a Sunday morning exercise merely; but a constant and hearty practice. The way they sing and pray, and read in concert, the German morning service, with a choral hymn, *Das Unser Vater*, and other happy tasks, appealed to my best feelings with great power. The familiar "*Sieh, hier bin Ich Ehren Koenig,*" never sounded more devotional than on that mountain-side. The orphans' voices are very melodious to a pious ear. The poor, yet happy children, seemed so sincere and devout, as to teach many of our Sunday-school pupils the best of lessons.

We were pleased with all their doings in the grove, during the anniversary hours, but much better with what we saw and heard afterwards. They were not on exhibition in their chapel service, or at their routine tasks. Those coat-less, vest-less, and shoe less urchins were a kind of "living epistles" for us, which well bore studying, as well as those modest little girls in prints and loose dresses. Verily, it is God's family which Father Albright presides over with his helpers!

If any one desires to know what these father-and-mother-less beings do in the Home, let it be told that they work, study, worship, and play. If departed parents may look down upon their off-pring, then some fathers and mothers have not only heaven, but "a treasure in heaven," or a double one, as it were. Alas! what had become of some of those dear little souls had no such a "house of refuge" been opened? God, and He alone, knows. And this brings up the inquiry, whether any Church has much of Christ in her bosom that makes no effort to "feed the lambs," after some such way? As long as the Reformed Church tries to carry a mission of mercy on and forward, among all lands, and among all classes, so long will we feel safe within her embrace, but no longer. She has still the mark which St. James mentions as a proof of religion "pure and undefiled," since she visits widows and orphans in their desolation, if not as she might and ought, then yet in a degree.

Father Albright is a big-grown man, and has no little difficulty, doubtless, to be as a little child; but, surely he can find no place where he can learn that severe lesson better. And he is making progress too. I do not know where to point out a more childlike man, for one of his size. Toil on, brother, you are growing daily, as God and Christ wants us to be.

And now, that the Reformed Church had an "Old Folks' Home" too! I do not mean a Home with the smell of the poor house. No! a Christian home for the weary pilgrim, who needs it but a little while longer to prepare for his everlasting Father's house. If there be one or more, who would make "unto themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that these may receive them into everlasting habitations," when heart and flesh shall fail, here and now is an opportunity that can never be excelled.

WEISER.

For the Messenger.

THE CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

"By what authority doest thou these things," is a question that may very properly be put to any one who claims to be a minister of Christ. No one has a right to hold the office of the ministry and exercise the function of that holy office, but by the authority of Christ and His Church

Suppose, now, that a person thinks he is called to preach, and submits the subject to the Church to which he belongs, is approved by the Church, and confirmed in his opinion that he is called of God. Suppose, further, that he prepares for the work, is licensed and ordained, and preaches with ordinary success at least, for years. Is it probable that the man himself and those appointed by the Church at different times to examine him, were all mistaken?

In the MESSENGER of June 20th, there is an open letter, the author of which, in detailing the minutia of a call to the ministry, mentions "an unmaimed body." We are not inclined to enter into a discussion of this matter but simply wish to ask for information.

We know a man who has but one hand, (a maimed man,) who thought he was called of God to enter the ministry. He was poor and desired to become a beneficiary, was examined and received. He then took a full college and seminary course and was recommended for licensure by the proper church authorities, was examined, and his examination having proved satisfactory, was licensed to preach the Gospel by a Classis. Then he went into the hands of another Classis, received a call, and was ordained by a committee who examined him again before ordination and were well satisfied with the examination. For nine years this maimed man has been exercising all the functions of the ministerial office, supposing all the time that he had been called of God, and that he was acting by the authority of Christ and His Church.

If an unmaimed body is an essential element of a call to the ministry, then this man was never called of God, the Church, in which the Holy Ghost dwells, was mistaken, his licensure and ordination are null and void, his ministerial acts are all illegitimate, and the Church should command him to cease from his clerical labors at once.

The office of the Christian ministry is the highest and holiest of all offices, and whenever it becomes certain that a man has been ordained through ignorance who was never called, and is officiating without proper authority, his ordination should be revoked lest the holy office should be defiled. Let the Church speak that the ignorant may learn.

INQUIRER.

For the Messenger.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Pittsburgh Synod was in earnest when it organized the Board of Church Extension, resolved to raise ten thousand dollars by hundred dollar subscriptions, and ordered collections to be made in all the congregations within the bounds of Synod, but it would seem as if the pastors and people were not so much in earnest in responding to this appeal of Synod. In how many charges these collections have already been made, the writer cannot tell, but the treasury bears witness to but few returns in this form. Perhaps at the meeting of Synod the friends of this form of church work, and of missions, in the interest of which the Board was organized, may meet a pleasant surprise in liberal and hearty responses to the injunction of Synod.

There are certainly a hundred men in the Pittsburgh Synod, earnest, zealous members of the Church, sons of worthy ancestors, who toiled, and prayed, and helped in the Master's service in Western Pennsylvania, and who now, among the cloud of witnesses bending over us, may, from their mansions of rest, look upon an ecclesiastical territory, then comparatively a wilderness, now blooming and blossoming as the rose; one Classis, Westmoreland, then belonging to the Ohio Synod, extending her bounds upward towards the Lake, and eastward to the Alleghenies, until now, embracing five Classes, active, energetic, filled with missionary zeal, and abounding in good works in the Master's service, has grown into a Synod whose jurisdiction reaches over entire western Pennsylvania.

There are such men, and we expect to hear from them. There lives one earnest, devoted man, in the charge of Rev. R. C. Bowling, at Emlenton, whose modesty would doubtless lead him to prefer not to have his name connected in this public way with this deed of Christian beneficence. Elder Joseph Weller's gift of one hundred dollars comes, as we think it ought to do, untrammeled with any conditions. His name will stand as the pioneer in this good work, and Elder Weller will excuse us for giving this publicity to his name and his deed, when we say that we do so to afford an example to ninety-nine other men, who may be induced to go and do likewise. Well done for Emlenton! quite recently, if not now, a mission point How soon may we hear from the older and wealthier charges of our Synod? The meeting of Synod is near at hand, and we ought by that time be able to give a report that will give new inspiration and impulse to the entire Synod.

In order that the people may see and understand the nature and purposes of the Board, we append a brief appeal, which was sent out to the churches, through the pastors, some time ago.

J. H. A.

An Appeal.

Church Extension Board of the Pittsburgh Synod.

The Treasurer of this Board has been directed to send out to the Church an Appeal in behalf of the interests which it represents. The Board is now organized and chartered, and prepared to push forward this particular department of church work. The purpose of the Board is to raise funds in the way of voluntary contributions from the membership of the Church, to loan, without interest, to missionary points, and weak congregations, especially for the purpose of erecting church edifices. It is known to all who have anything to do with the missionary operations of the Church, how that in the start, our new mission points are embarrassed, and how their progress is retarded by the want of a house of worship; and with what a new impulse the mission moves forward, when once in possession of a house of worship of their own. The missionary is often obliged to be away from his work much of his time, in order to collect funds for this purpose, just at such time when his services are most needed at home, involving at the same time considerable expense; all of which might be easily avoided by some such systematic plan as is contemplated in the operation of this Board.

It is often, doubtless, a perplexing question with men of means in the Church, whose hearts are in the work of the Master, in the midst of repeated calls upon them for contributions to the various benevolent causes, to know just where their gifts will do most good. The funds under the control of the Church Extension Board will be an investment ready for use just in the time of the most urgent need; and as it will be a loan, without interest, in the course of a few years, in most cases, it will come back into the treasury again to aid other mission points. It will thus become an accumulative and constantly growing fund for this most important part of Church work. To such, whom God has blessed and prospered in this world's goods, and who realize the sacred obligation of making some suitable return to the Lord, as an expression of thankfulness, in a way too that will go on doing good to children's children, after they have gone to their reward, we make this appeal in the name of the Master, whose servants we are, and to whom we must render an account for our stewardship on earth.

To the many congregations, especially throughout the bounds of the Pittsburgh Synod, who are requested to lift at least one collection during the year for this good cause, we make the same appeal. Let these refreshing streams from the warm bosom of the congregations, coming together, swell the flowing river of Christian beneficence, that shall make glad the city of our Reformed Zion. That this will give new impulse, under the blessings of the Master, to our now awakened missionary interests, no one can doubt. That it will come back in blessings upon the congregations themselves, is equally the assurance of the Word of God.

The missionary societies and Sunday-schools will also here, while other calls receive due attention, have presented to them a most worthy object for which to work in the Master's service. How much could not the children of the Church do in this interest?

It is proposed by the Board to raise ten thousand dollars, in the way of *One Hundred Dollar* contributions, to be paid when the entire sum has been subscribed. A beginning has already been made in the Mt. Pleasant and Irwin charges, and we hear that others are waiting to add their names to the list of honor and duty. May the good Lord speed the work, and crown it with abundant success.

JOS. H. APPLE, *Treasurer*,
In behalf of the Board.

Saegertown, Crawford Co., Pa,

Selections.

AGNOSTICISM.

"I call your attention the more gladly to this because there are influences now actually at work to discredit in men's minds these principal truths; perhaps to wholly displace them from the primacy which they long have held in the best human thought. Agnosticism affirms the true knowledge of God a thing unattainable. His personality to it is an improved hypothesis. It feels force, recognizes order, and formulates law; but the God of the Hebrew and Christian faith it knows nothing about, since no lenses discern Him, and no chemical re-agents bring out to exhibition on the palimpsest of nature the distinct inscription of His divine hand. Miracles, therefore, it sets wholly at one side. Providence is a dream of the fanciful. Prayer has its efficacy in the impression which it leaves on the supplicating heart. The Bible is the accredited literature of half civilized tribes, associating the utterances of many devout but often mistaken human minds, to which our age owes no allegiance; and the Church is simply a social institution for pleasant assemblages for ethical culture, perhaps for the exercise and discipline of taste, or the furtherance of humane and educational enterprise. The supernatural in this scheme is eliminated from the sphere of human thought, and even the natural loses meaning and majesty in ceasing to be connected with that.

"So man, as well, is displaced from that spiritual rank in the creation which the sacred books of Christendom recognize. His nature is regarded as evolved from the brutal mind coming out of matter and consciousness, being developed by chemical action without the intervening energy of God. Conscience is not of Divine inspiration but the summary product of human experience. Responsibility to a divine government is reckoned a shadowy legend of the past, or a dreary dream of morbid minds. Immortality itself becomes at most a doubtful hypothesis, 'a grand perchance.'

"I am not now concerned with either of these recent fashions of thinking, as they stand in one relation. But it seems as plain as are the stars on an unclouded night that either or both of them—and they are essentially intimately connected—will dry the sources and stay the strength of that masterful freedom and moral energy which the scholars of our time eminently need. Certainly, if history has any lesson pertinent to the subject it indicates this. The faith which faced the dungeon and flame and the Libyan panther without flinching or fear, had no agnostic element in it. The heroic endeavor and more heroic endurance which conquered the Roman empire to the cross, which afterward curbed and finally converted to rich enthusiasms the awful frenzy of the ages that follow, which by missionary sacrifice never equalled in the world, enlightened, tamed and transformed barbarians, and made Christian people out of the vagrant painted savages, your ancestors and mine, which built cathedrals, universities, hospitals, and gave to Europe its character and its culture—these were not founded upon doubts about God, or on mean and ignoble conceptions of man. Their inspiration was in the perennial and paramount truth of both the Testaments. Men like us in nature, and often not surpassing our endowment of power accomplished these stupendous achievements, because liberated in will from all fear of the world, and energized in spirit as by a celestial influx of force, through their lofty conception of that which is above us, of that which is before us. Their relationship to the Infinite Government of the Universe set them free from subjection to earthly despotism. Their impression of the dignity of that nature in man which had been created by the Infinite Majesty to share the divine immortality, and for which the Son of God had appeared, inspired endeavors on behalf of that nature by which ages became illustrious, of the fruit of which we hourly partake.—*Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D.*

An Episcopal paper thinks that "one reason why the world is so unwilling to join the church, is because the church is so very willing to join the world," which, alas! is very true.

When Benjamin Parsons was dying, a friend asked him, "How are you to-day?" He answered, "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows—Infinite Power, Infinite Love and Infinite Wisdom."

Oh, thanks to God for His visible Church, for her hymns and prayers, for her ordinances and the promises she inherits, for the fellowship of the saints on earth with saints in heaven, for the history of her sufferings and the future of her triumphs. While everything else in the world must die and rot, there is one thing over which death has no power, one thing that smiles at the grave as it passes on to a life that has no end.—*Dr. Austin Phelps.*

Family Reading.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

"O give me a message of quiet,"
I asked in my morning prayer;
"For the turbulent trouble within me
Is more than my heart can bear.
Around there is strife and discord,
And the storms that do not cease,
And the whirl of the world is on me—
Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible,
And looked at a page of psalms,
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was smoothed by its summer calms,
For the words that have helped so many,
And the ages have seemed more dear,
Seemed new in their power to comfort
As they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing
These words came down to me—
"The Lord is slow to anger,
And of mercy great is He;
Each generation praiseth
His work of long renown,
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted!
I knew that the Lord was nigh;
All that was making me sorry
Would be better by and by;
I had but to wait in patience,
And keep at my Father's side,
And nothing would really hurt me
Whatever might betide.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

JACK MARVIN GETS THE BEST OF IT.

"Jack Marvin was born to be an educated man," some folks said, which seemed to mean that, after doing all he could at the public school, and getting two sessions at a high school in Colalto (where he was born and raised), he got himself started at the State University. Then help came; not too soon—it was time now for him to be encouraged; but quite soon enough, for in those unhelped years he was "growing muscle," of character as well as body.

He was a graduate now, with some money to pay back, but in fine plight and eager for work. Teaching work was scarce, just then, and he took the first he could get—the boys' public school in Colalto.

It is the day for school to open, and as Jack puts himself in possession, he is thinking that a prophet setting up in his own country needn't expect smooth things. "The boys will spend the first week seeing how far they can go, of course," he says to himself, "and in that time somebody's got to be well thrashed; after that, I think I may safely play foot-ball with them."

The tug of war came the very first day. And not with a bad boy either; on the contrary, Sandy Moore was a fine sensible fellow, who feared God and regarded man, but full of mischief, and not well regulated. "Jack," as he had always called him, seemed but fair game, and he did twenty tormenting things the first two hours.

But the teacher, like a wary hunter, kept quiet until he could get a centre shot. One of the few short rules laid down, was that no one was to leave his seat without permission; and Sandy spent pretty much the whole morning shifting his place, to the infinite and delighted amusement of the school. Three times he was ordered back; and then Mr. Marvin let him alone until recess, when he was told to stay in. It wasn't usual to keep a boy in the first day, and Sandy had a mind to act on this ancient privilege, until a neighbor said teasingly, "Better run, Alec; you'll catch it." Run indeed? From Jack Marvin? So he stayed.

The teacher came down and sat on the desk opposite, after the boys had left the room, and said in a cool tone:

"Well, Sandy, of course you expected a thrashing for your capers this morning, so"—taking a strap out of his pocket—"off with your coat, and I'll go to work."

The biggest boy and best scholar in school expected no such thing, and he took a minute to think about it. In that minute the teacher's voice lost all its free-and-easiness.

"Come, young man, I don't propose to have a tussle with you; if you don't choose to take the consequences of disobeying orders, just pick up your hat and travel; I am the captain of this ship now; and the mate, and all the officers beside, and the crew must obey, or go overboard to a man."

It was not in boy nature not to want to "pick up his hat and travel," and fling defiance at such an absolute rule; but mischief and defiance were only the top dressing of Sandy Moore; underneath was a sub-soil of duty and conscience, of good principle and good feeling, of profound respect for his hard worked, self-denying, quiet father, and tender love for the sunny, brave little mother, and a growing sense of the responsibility for the young folks at home. He never accused himself of these feelings, but they were there, and they made him swallow his pride and anger, throw off his coat, and grimly take what the listeners at the door and windows called "a rouser," "a nice patting," "a walloping," "a Jessie Scortch," and so on.

So the point was made. Jack Marvin was master, and from that on the few whippings necessary were submitted to as a matter of course. But the teacher was not satisfied. As far as the discipline of the school was concerned, that first strong-handed measure had made his fortune; but Sandy himself had never thawed out again. It didn't seem a healthy sign for a boy to resent so long, and so deeply, a deserved punishment; it had, somehow, gone to the quick; and Mr. Marvin's end would not be reached until Sandy Moore was again the jolliest boy in school.

Not that the teacher took any notice of Sandy's grimness, for he was too level-headed for that; but he set himself to get the best of the wrong spirit that was misleading the boy, and when Jack Marvin set himself to a thing he held on till the cows came home.

It was a custom of long standing in Colalto for a dozen or more Nimrods of the place, old and young, to go with the hounds to the mountains (when the chestnut and maple trees on the Blue Ridge were turning yellow and red), and camp out for a two weeks' deer hunt. This year Mr. Marvin was going to turn his school loose, and join the hunters for the second week's sport; and he had asked permission to take six of his biggest boys with him. Their delight was beyond expression, but when Sandy was told that he was of the number, he said gruffly that he couldn't go; his father, as they all knew, had suffered loss after loss, and now, at this busy fall season, his right hand was lame with a bone felon, and he was dreadfully "down" about his work. Sandy, of course, couldn't go off on a frolic, adding slowly, "Much obliged to Mr. Marvin."

What pangs of regret the loss of such an unexampled treat caused the boy, it would be hard for any but a boy to know; but Sandy's simple statement of facts betrayed nothing of it, and Jack Marvin felt, with a glow of pride in such a fellow, that he had not swerved for a single doubtful instant about staying behind.

But the teacher was used to defying circumstances; he was seen holding a long conference with the five hunting boys, and they, in turn, interviewed with great excitement pretty much the whole school; and this resulted: about a week before the hunt, the lucky five, followed by all the boys of any size in the school, walked out to Riverdell, Mr. Moore's pretty little farm. Mr. Moore was working along in a lame way, and Sandy was putting out all his strength, helped by the two younger boys of the family, Reuben and John, when this battalion marched into the field. They had chosen Tom Marsh for their speaker, and he went straight to the point. "Mr. Moore we've come to ask you, sir, to let us all come and work every afternoon this week, so that Sandy can go with us to the hunt. We'll work first-class, indeed, sir: Mr Marvin says he'll come along and boss us; he says it won't be the first week's work he's put in with you, and that you know he's up to the work—" "And Mr. Moore," interrupted a blurt of a boy, telling what Jack Marvin didn't mean to be told, "Mr. Marvin says he don't care to go himself, if Sandy can't go 'long."

And you wouldn't believe what work the fellows did. Not only the hunting crew; there wasn't a boy in school that would be left out, so that they were quite in one another's way, but as young Reuben told the eager, pleased mother, "they made things smoke."

Before daylight is a rather unusual time for sentiment and speech-making; don't you think so? But Sandy hadn't found a single minute that busy week in which he could catch the teacher alone; and the very morning of the start, before the first crack of day, as he was helping Mr. Marvin pack the wagon, he found a chance to surrender his sword. And boys do things in such a funny way! "Mr. Marvin," he said in the darkness, "when I get a wrong set I'm just like our bull-dog, reason don't do me any good; how's a fellow going to keep from getting a wrong set?' And from the other side of the wagon a cheerful voice answered: "The only remedy I know, Sandy, is a mighty old-fashioned one, but I can recommend it, my boy: 'In all thy ways acknowledge God, and he shall direct thy paths.'"

I won't say how many deer were shot, and how many missed, and how many new recruits had "buck ague," and didn't fire at all; but the day the school opened, somebody climbed in the window, before the door was unlocked, and wrote on the blackboard: "Mr. Marvin is a Gentleman and a Scholar, and a Whale besides!"—*S. S. Times.*

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE TABLE.

It is impossible to estimate properly the immense influence which is exerted upon a household by the atmosphere of the family table. If it is true that one does not come out of a room the same person he went in, the mind ever after retaining the impress of what affected it there, what great results must be achieved from the meeting three times a day in the dining-room, from the conversation indulged in, and the sentiments expressed there! A neat, well-ordered table is in itself a lesson to the children.

I have noticed that a sensitive child almost invariably has better manners when dressed in his best, and have seen with surprise the effect produced upon a certain small boy of my acquaintance by handsomely dressed ladies who are polite to him.

To the inviting table, where there should always be something attractive, however simple the *menu* may be, most children will come prepared to behave properly. It is really worth while, and, when philosophically considered, it is a matter of great importance, to lay aside as far as possible all thoughts of hard work done before and to be done after the meal, and to allow no vexatious question to be discussed at the time. The habit of brooding over our work, and exhausting ourselves by going over it in our minds, is one to be studiously avoided. There is nothing that takes from one's energy more than this, and it is a frequent cause of insanity.

Every body knows the food digests better when in agreeable company. It was something more than a pleasantry which made a friend remark that he could not have his wife and child pass the summer away from him, as it gave him the dyspepsia. The poor child who comes to grief at the table, and is sent away from it with his dinner half eaten, and who suffers the whole afternoon with an undigested lump of food in his stomach, is to be pitied, and it is a wise plan to explain to the children that in this way they will be punished for bad conduct at the table.

It follows, then, that pleasant surprises in the way of preparing favorite dishes, that good taste and much painstaking in arranging all the appointments of the table and dining-room, rise above a mere ministering to the animal existence, and affect the fine issues of life.

Good behavior and cheerfulness ought to accompany each meal as naturally and unwavering as bread and butter. The happy laughter which distributes nervous force, and calls the blood from the brain, allowing the stomach to get a share, should be heard more frequently at our tables. No one should feel at liberty to say one word that is not kind and thoughtful, any more than he would withhold a sufficient quantity of food. These facts need more careful consideration than they usually receive.—*Joseph Parker.*

HE LEFT IT.

They told Lord Erskine that a certain man was "dead, and that he had left £200,000." His lordship replied, "That's a poor capital to begin the next world with." What a failure was that man's life! He got no good of his £200,000 in this world, and did not get himself ready for the next. What did he do? What is the grand result of his life, of his toil, of his anxious days and sleepless nights? He raked together £200,000. What did he do with it? Kept it as long as he could. Why did he not keep it forever? He died. What became of it? He left it. To whom? To those who came after and to the squabbles of courts. If any good to the world ever came out of this £200,000, no thanks are due to him. He kept it as long as he could, and left it, because he could not take it with him. There was not room enough in old Charon's boat for him and his £200,000. If he had only "converted" it, as the bankers say! And it was convertible into the blessings of the poor, into the sweet consciousness of having done some good while he lived, into the good hope of perpetuating his influence when he was dead and gone. But he did none of these things. He raked it together, kept it, died, left it, and made his last bed no softer.

THE "NEW STYLE" OF CHIROGRAPHY.

I have just completed the task of reading a letter from my niece Alice. She is a young lady grown, and does me the honor to seem more than willing to correspond with her bachelor uncle. I have read her letter, and am now gradually calming my ruffled spirit. It has been ruffled. I am afraid that I felt like murmuring some impatient words.

Not that I am in the least "crusty;" you must not imagine anything of that sort. Nor must you for a moment think that there was anything in the contents of her letter that was calculated to awaken an uncomfortable thought. It was all just like herself,—affectionate, sweet, and interesting. And yet I had a feeling akin to indignation as I read it.

Alice had adopted the style of handwriting that has become, of late, fashionable among the ladies. I suspect—as several things that annoy some of us come from there—that it has come to us from our English cousins over the sea. It is rigidly angular, with letters somewhere about a quarter of an inch in length. The angles are not all preserved, but terminate in loops instead of points, above and below, so that it becomes at times well-nigh impossible to even guess the meaning of the strange collocation of lines and folds of lines that run with a curious uniformity over the pages, making one word often a counterpart of another, although intended to be entirely different. Sometimes one of these unknown words is the key to the sentence in which it is found. Then comes the labor of deciphering.

My niece wrote what I wanted to hear, but just at the points where the good things were, came the necessity of pausing and elaborate study. The thought was not in mind; there was only instead, uncertainty, careful comparisons with other words and letters, conjectures more or less shrewd, half-discoveries, glimpses of the meaning, and final despair. Do you wonder that I have been annoyed and became impatient? I felt wronged out of a pleasure intended for me, and wronged by the very sender of the favor. She ought to have spared me the annoyance.

I have not been able to discover the beauty of this English (if such it be) style of handwriting. At least, it does not appear in my view as a ladylike style. If, as is often said, chirography is an indication of character, what suggestions does this modern lady's style make as practiced by my niece Alice? Shall we say bold, masculine, angular, careless? Alice is neither of these. The handwriting belies her characteristics. The more the pity that she has adopted it.

One of Alice's mother's letters lies before me. It is refreshing and very pleasantly suggestive of my sister Mary. Her education was completed before this recent mode became prevalent. The characters are small and neatly made, evidently written rapidly, but so distinctly that there is no wearisome labor or even pause in making out their significance, while the page suggests at once a gentle lady as having written it. As I look at it, I seem to see a small white hand, whose taper fingers hold the pen as it deftly glides over the page, while refinement and delicacy direct the movement.

When I read these larger characters so much affected by some of our ladies, older and younger, nowadays, no such pleasant suggestions are made—boldness, rude energy, large and strong fingers rather.

With my niece's letter before me, I have been meditating on the moralities of chirography. I do not acknowledge that I had any wrong feeling over the bad handwriting of Alice, although I admit that I was disturbed and annoyed. A little care, even though she should not alter her absurd style, would have saved me that. How many naughty words have been said over bad chirography, what oaths, what wrath!—all wrong and inexcusable—sins, you say, but occasioned by the correspondent who wrote.

Whatever may be thought of the responsibility, it may be safely affirmed that a kind and proper appreciation of the time and labor of the recipient of the letter ought to create a little, at least, of care, and even of labor, on the part of the sender. The time and comfort and patience of the latter have some rights that the former is bound to respect.—*Christian Weekly*

THE ANGEL OF THE RAINBOW.

A cloud, like that the old-time Hebrew saw
On Carmel prophesying rain, began
To lift itself o'er wooded Cardigan,
Growing and blackening. Suddenly, a flaw

Of chill wind menaced; then a wild blast beat
Down the long valley's murmuring pines, and woke
The noon dream of the sleeping lake, and broke
Its smooth steel mirror at the mountains' feet.

Thunderous and vast, a fire-veined darkness swept
Over the rough pine-bearded Asquam range;
A wraith of tempest, wonderful and strange,
From peak to peak the cloudy giant stepped.

One moment, as if challenging the storm,
Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel
Looked from his watch-tower; then the shadow fell,
And the wild rain-drift blotted out his form.

And over all the still unbidden sun,
Weaving its light through slant-blown veils of rain,
Smiled on the trouble, as hope smiles on pain;
And, when the tumult and the strife were done,

With one foot on the lake and one on land,
Framing within his crescent's tinted streak
A far-off picture of the Melvin peak,
Spent broken clouds the rainbow's angel spanned.

—*J. G. Whittier, in the Atlantic.*

THE DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Honor the old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but these are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest cheeks and the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love, which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach lower for you than any one else on earth. You cannot walk into a midnight haunt where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die, unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, cheer her declining years with tender devotion.—*Watch Tower.*

REPRESSION.

How many live a stingy and niggardly life in regard to their richest inward treasures! They live with those they love dearly, whom a few more words and deeds expressive of this love would make so much happier, richer, and better; and they cannot, will not, turn the key and give it out. People who in their very souls really do love, esteem, reverence each other, live a barren, chilly life, side by side, busy, anxious, preoccupied, letting their love go by as a matter of course, a last year's growth, with no present buds and blossoms.

Are there not sons and daughters who have parents living with them as angels unawares—husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, in whom the material for a beautiful life lies locked away in unfruitful silence—who give time to everything but the cultivation and expression of mutual love? The time is coming, they think, in some far future, when they shall find leisure to enjoy each other, to stop and rest side by side, to discover to each other these hidden treasures which lie idle and unused. Alas! time flies and death steals on, and we reiterate the complaint of one in Scripture, "It came to pass, while thy servant was busy hither and thither, the man was gone."

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." "I did not know what he was to me till he was gone." Such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots backward at us from the door of the sepulchre.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

ABDUCTION OF EFFIE MACKAY.

Farout Head, on the coast of Scotland, to many seems one of the fairest, perhaps the very fairest spot in creation. The Durness women often, at low tide, go to the point to gather bait, and one lovely summer morning Effie Mackay, the beauty and pride of the village, took her creel and told her mother she would go to Farout and get plenty of bait before her father returned.

The long summer day closed in night, but no Effie came home, nor was she ever seen or heard of more.

It was little that her poor parents and friends could do in those far-off days, when there were no telegrams, and we might almost say no post either. Year after year passed till all hope died out, and after her parents died the story almost ceased to be talked about.

More than forty years afterwards, two Scotchmen, both soldiers, met in Malta. A fierce wind was blowing at the time.

One said to the other: "How this gale will blow off Farout Head!"

An old lady, then just stepping from a handsome carriage, turned to them and said eagerly, and in Gaelic—

"Did I hear you speak of Farout Head?"

"Yes," they replied, "we are Durness men."

"I, too, was born there," said the lady. "Did you never hear of the girl who was lost when gathering bait at Farout long ago?"

The men said it was before their time, but they had heard the story.

"I was that girl," the lady said, "and I must see you again."

She then gave her address, and bade them call for her in the evening.

They were entertained by her most kindly, and she then told them that while gathering the bait she had not observed a boat put off from a ship which stood at a distance in the offing, but was all at once surrounded by a number of foreign sailors, who, in spite of her wild cries, dragged her to their boat and then to the ship. She bade them say to any who might still remember her that her life had not really been an unhappy one, that at first her anguish was very great, but that the captain was very kind and respectful to her, protecting her from all rudeness, and on reaching Malta married her. Had he lived she might probably have revisited her old home, but he died soon after their marriage. Her beauty brought her many lovers, and she had married one of the leading men of the island, and was living in one of its most luxurious homes.—*Catholic Presbyterian.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

A WET STRAW HAT.—If a straw hat has been wet, and the stiffness has departed, rub a little white of an egg mixed with cold water over it; put it on with a flannel cloth.

The *Lancet* thinks that if children going into the country, or elsewhere, would wear woolen next to the skin, and wear longer clothing, suspending it from the shoulders, we would hear more of boisterous health and less of backaches and pains.

INK STAINS.—Ink stains on mahogany or black walnut furniture may be removed by touching the stains wet in a solution of nitre and water—eight drops to a spoonful of water. As soon as the spots disappear rub the place at once with a cloth wet in cold water. If the ink stains then remain, repeat, making the solution stronger.

WASTE.—Waste in little things makes away with many a hard-to-be accounted-for dollar in a year. Do not throw away the starch which is used in making cold starch each week; let it stand after using and settle in the bottom of a clean bowl; when the water is clear above it, drain it off; let the starch dry, cover the bowl to keep the dust away, and this starch is ready for use next washing-day. Of course you may need to add a little to it.

A SUGGESTION TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—"No one knows until they have tried it," says an experienced housewife, "how much they may change the aspect of things about the house by using a little varnish. On a sunshiny day take the old chairs and table out on the porch or by the open door, and after thoroughly wiping and dusting them off with a damp cloth, apply a thin coat of varnish and so cover up scratches and marred spots of all kinds. It will dry in a very short time, and you will be surprised to see how much good you have done. A flannel cloth, a very little linseed oil, is good to rub furniture with, but the greatest care must be exercised to prevent any oil being left on the wood to attract dust. It must be rubbed until you would not know, except by the improved appearance, that any oil had been used."

Youth's Department.

BEYOND.

Never a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far-off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

—*Henry Burton.*

THE INDIAN BOY'S REVENGE.

Several years ago Mr. Kay was in the northern part of California, near the Trinity river. He and his party had been trudging a long, long way that day, and were very tired and hungry. They came at last upon a camp of Indians on the river's bank, who were busy drying the fine salmon they caught there. These fish looked so good and tempting, that the white men wanted to taste them, and ventured to ask if they could have but one. My friend did not expect to buy the fish with money, as we do when we go to market, but he had brought some pretty beads with him, which often please the Indians better, as it is not easy for them to get such things, living as they do away off among the wild forests and mountains of our great country. But these Indians seemed cross and selfish, and would not let the white men have their fish at all. They have been so badly treated by their pale brothers, that it is no wonder they feel hateful and want nothing to do with them oftentimes.

There was one, however, who cast a longing look at the beads, as if he was sorry not to get any for his squaw in the wigwam close by, and this gave Mr. Kay a bright thought. Holding up the string of beads again, he pointed to them and then to the fish and the river, saying in Chinook (a sort of Indian language), "You get us a fresh fish out of the water, and you shall have these beads." Snatching up his gig and spear, with which they catch these great fishes, he was off in a moment to get it. Another Indian standing by, seemed anxious to do the same, and Mr. Kay told him to follow and he should have some beads, too.

After the two men were out of sight, a little Indian boy stole softly up and looked so wistfully at the pretty beads lying there, that Mr. Kay bade him go and get a fish, too, and he would pay him in the same way. The boy gave a spring of joy and was gone like a flash toward the stream, in another direction from that taken by the men, as they would have been displeased with him if they knew he was fishing, too.

It was not long before the two men came back, each with a large fish, for which they got their string of beads. Soon the boy was seen also, running up the bank with a proud, happy face, lifting high his fine fish to show what he had done, and perhaps thinking of the dear little Indian girl who would be very glad to get the beads he had earned so nobly.

Just then a strange thought came into Mr. Kay's head, for which he said he was always ashamed. He had often heard that the heart of the Indian was only bad—that the only good Indians were those who were dead. He wondered what this boy would do if he said he did not want the fish now, and so he could not have the beads. It would have made a white boy very angry. How would this untaught heathen child act? He would try and see.

As he sat there upon a rock, resting beside the beautiful river, he drew a long face when the boy came rushing up to him, and, with a jerk of his head, said, "Be off with your fish! We have enough already without it." If the boy had been struck with a stone he would not have looked more pained and frightened. In an instant the brightness was gone from his eyes, and there seemed to be no life in him, he was so stunned with unkindness and disappointment. After awhile, without a word, he turned slowly and sadly away towards the river, dragging the fish along behind him in the dirt, which a few moments before he had held aloft so proudly.

As if he could not believe the white man could be so false, he turned to look at him again. What was it that he saw? Down dropped the fish at his feet, and the fleet-footed boy was flying again up the bank toward Mr. Kay, giving him such a hard and sudden blow that he thought he had been shot with an arrow, perhaps, as he started up from his seat to feel of himself all over to find out how and where he was hurt. Was this the Indian boy's revenge? If it was, it only served him right, for he ought to have known better than to try his temper so severely. But the boy is pulling him up the bank still further, earnestly beckoning him to follow him up the hillside, away from the river, and he quickly does so, wondering what it all means.

The boy then pointed down to the spot where he had been sitting, and there was a deadly rattlesnake, coiled up behind the rock, just ready to spring upon him had he staid a moment longer. With manly tears of shame and gratitude, Mr. Kay looked at the noble boy beside him, finding no words to express his feelings. But he must in some way show his appreciation of the boy's conduct. How should it be? He should have more than his string of beads, anyhow. Feeling in his pocket, my friend found there his silver pocket comb, which he knew would be a wonderful prize to the Indian, who takes so much pride in his long black hair. This he handed to the child, who caught it eagerly, and, like a breath of wind, vanished over the brow of the hill and was seen no more.

Remember, this was one who had never learned the Golden Rule as you have, and yet returned good for evil. Have you found "the more excellent way" of "charity that suffereth long and is kind"—that "never faileth," but ever seeks to overcome evil with good?—*Christian Observer.*

SOME THINGS THAT SCIENCE DOESN'T TEACH.

In scalding a hog, does science teach that if the water is a little too hot the hair will not slip, that it is set, and must be shaved off with a knife? Every farmer should know these things and they must be taught. Do any of the graduates of any agricultural school know that in building a stack of grain or hay, that it must be kept fullest in the middle, and well trod down? Do they know how to tie up and shock wheat? Do they know how to whet a scythe? Do they know that if the blade is whetted up and down it will not cut off the straw clean, as it should be whetted from the heel to the point? Do they know how to lengthen or shorten the plow gear so that the plow will not cut too deep or shallow? Do they know how to put up a rail fence so that some of the rails will not project at the corners to snag the stock? Do they know how to put up a stone fence so it will stand, and that the long rocks ought to be put crosswise the fence to act as braces, and if this is done it will not tumble by settling? Do they know how to square a house? Science teaches them that the hypothenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the square of the two sides, but they have never seen the application of this rule, thus they build a house pointing every way but the right way. Experience teaches us that with a ten-foot pole a house can be squared in five minutes. We measure eight feet on one sill and make a notch, six feet on the other sill and make a notch. If the ten foot pole just reaches from notch to notch that corner is square, the other three corners treated in the same way will be square, and also the house.—"*Old Farmer,*" *in Southern Planter.*

THE ECHO-BOY.

A little boy once went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and the boy said, 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself!' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head!' And he said, 'I will punch your head!'"

So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will, by and by, say back to you." And his mother took him to that old text in the Scripture, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

THE POLAR BEAR.

The Polar Bear is an animal of great strength and fierceness, and he seems to grow the stronger and fiercer the further north he dwells. His rich soft fur is of a yellowish-white color. He has a long flat head, a long neck, high legs, and a powerful body. It is curious to observe how admirably his feet are adapted to the conditions under which he lives. The sole is provided with a kind of thick fleece, so that he treads the rough ice as on a carpet; while, the toes being connected by a membrane or web, the feet serve as paddles when he takes to the water, which he frequently does.

He is not often found on the land. He loves to prowl about the floating ice fields where he feeds upon the dead bodies of whales and seals, or attacks the latter on their emergence from the water. When he catches sight of a seal basking in the sunshine on a distant piece of ice, he quietly drops into the water and swims until to leeward of his intended victim, who otherwise would scent his approach; thence, by short but frequent dives, he silently continues his approach, and so arranges his distances that after the last dive he comes up at the spot where the seal is peacefully reclining. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he finds himself in the bear's terrible grasp; if, on the contrary, he lies still, his enemy makes one powerful leap, kills him on the ice, and proceeds to devour him.

The Polar Bear, unlike other species, does not hibernate, as, its food being chiefly animal, it is able to obtain a supply of it at all seasons. The male is said to leave the land in winter, and go out on the ice to the edge of the water, where it hunts the seal. The females bury themselves in the snow from November to March. Preparatory to going into winter quarters, she selects a hollow place, often at the foot of a bank or underneath overhanging rocks; and there allows the drifting snow to cover her over to a considerable depth. She is at this season very fat, and on this fat she subsists for nearly five months, during which she sleeps in her bed of snow. The bed gradually enlarges around the bear, owing to the melting of the snow caused by the animal's warmth. The Esquimaux kill great numbers of the females in their holes during winter, being greatly helped in this by their dogs, who scent them and then begin scratching at the snow overhead. As it would be unsafe to make too large an opening, a narrow trench is dug, just wide enough to let a man see where the creature's head lies. This being ascertained, the spear of the Esquimaux is thrust into a mortal part, and the prize is then dug out.

The Polar Bear is a great sailor, and takes advantage of floating masses of ice to transport himself from one island to another. In this way he occasionally gets as far south as Iceland, where parties of bears have been known to land as the old Norsemen used to do on the English coast, and do great damage by attacking and devouring the flocks, until the inhabitants arose *en masse* and destroyed them. A recent traveler in Iceland states that in 1859 vast masses of polar ice were swept down on that coast, and that on this pack the Icelanders received an importation of no fewer than thirteen polar bears. Weak and emaciated, however, from want of food during their long sea voyage, they were easily despatched on landing. "One of these brutes," says the traveler, "made his entrance into a peasant's hut on the north west coast in rather an unceremonious manner. The snow being on a level with the roof, Bruin, found himself there in his travels in quest of food. Attracted, I imagine, by the redolent odor from within, he commenced scratching, and eventually went headlong through, scaring the whole family. The poor beast, however, scarcely less frightened, was speedily despatched and eaten, the fate of everything the natives can lay hands on during the winter months." The Polar Bear is also a great swimmer, Capt Sabine having observed one making its way between the north and south shores of Barrow Strait, which are forty miles apart.

The strength of the Polar Bear may be inferred from his size. He generally measures six feet in length, and about three feet in height to the top of the shoulder; but individuals of nine to ten feet are met with. He is not an unsociable animal, and usually wanders about in small troops, while bears of a family flock "together." Parents and offspring are united by bonds of the most devoted affection, the vigilant care with which the female watches over her cubs having been remarked by every traveler.—*In the Polar Regions.*

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and fuss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers, they can't go home without grinding and chipping, why do they do that?"

"Oh, they're so happy they can't help it," said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, if you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them, but they are all sweet to my ears, compared with the constant croaking of a frog."—*Aunt Charity's Scrap Book.*

CONTENTMENT.

By Kate J. Anthony.

"Pretty little Buttercup,
In your yellow gown,
Do you never wish and wish
To wander up and down
The world, so wide and wonderful?
And do you never tire
Of this sheltered, lonely spot?
And do you ne'er aspire
To just a little different lot?
Yet something more and higher?"

Bonnie little Buttercup
Shook her golden crown.
"Pray, why should I wish and wish
To wander up and down
The world, so wide and wonderful?
Why, all things come to me!
All the birds, of every guise,
And the roaming honey-bee;
My kinsmen, too, the butterflies—
Lords, they, of high degree—
Yon brooklet, and the zephyrs gay;
But oh! 'twould take a Summer's day
To count them o'er to thee."

Blithely little Buttercup
Shook her tawny head.
"And why should I wish and wish
For something else instead
Of this my home, so beautiful?
For I should miss, I know,
A wealth of peaceful happiness,
In wand'ring to and fro.
Ah! you who roam, you never guess
The joys you thus forego.
And who would do my work for me,
My seedlets rear and scatter free
Before the Winter's snow?"

Cheery little Buttercup
Smoothed her yellow gown.
"Yes, ah! yes, I've much to do
Before I doff my crown.
And hour by hour and day by day
Doth this truth clearer grow:
He who placed me in this spot
(No wanderer to and fro)
Gave just the best and happiest lot
My life could ever know."

—*Independent.*

SKIPPING.

Boys, I want to ask you how you think a conqueror made out who went through the country he was trying to subdue, and whenever he found a fort hard to take, left it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild there, like bees in a hive, and when he was well into the heart of the country don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you, if you skip over the hard places in your lessons and leave them unlearned; you have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you and mortify you times without number.

"There was just a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me, "and it was just there the professor had to call upon me at examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of these I was asked to do on the blackboard."

The student who is not thorough is never well at ease; he cannot forget the skipped problems, and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding student; the time will surely come when the laugh will be turned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve, when you take up a study, that you will go through with it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point.

If the accurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained to himself a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heel all the rest of his life. Whatever he does will be lacking somewhere. He had learned to shirk what is hard, and the habit will grow with years. —*Morning Star.*

A SWEET "BECAUSE."

A little boy was deeply interested in reading "The Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all living men and women to him. One day he came to his grandma and said:

"Grandma, which of all the people do you like the best?"

"I like Christian," was the reply, giving the little boy her reasons.

"Which do you like the best?"

Looking up in her face with some hesitation, he said slowly, "I like Christiana."

"Why, my son?"

"Because she took the children with her, grandma."

Pleasantries.

We are going to Arkansas to start a paper, calling it *Quinine and Whisky* Everybody will take it.—*Modern Argo.*

An old lady in a Michigan village, on the 4th of July, rose during the delivery of the oration and left. She explained that she had heard that speech about twenty times before.

Said a parent to his little son who had committed some act of indiscretion, "Do you know that I am going to whip you?" "Yes," said the boy, "I suppose you are, because you are bigger than I am."

The Vacation: Summer is that season of the year in which a man carries his pockets full of railroad maps and summer-resort prospectuses for a week, and then decides to go where he did last year.

A mercenary little boy overheard a conversation between his parents concerning a wedding that was soon to come off, and recalled the subject at the breakfast table the next morning by asking the following questions: "Papa, what do you want to give the bride away for? Can't you sell her?"

Pat had been engaged to kill a turtle for a neighbor, and proceeded immediately to cut off its head. Pat's attention was called to the fact that the turtle still crawled about, though it had been decapitated, and he explained: "Shure the baste is entirely dead, only he is not yet conscious of it."

The New Orleans *Democrat* recounts the many good qualities of the Mexican burro that has lately been introduced into that city as a child's horse, who, it seems, can banquet on splinters and scraps, carry immense loads, and is faithful, uncomplaining, docile, and tireless; but, "we regret to say," continues the *Democrat*, "the burro brays. Amazing as is his strength, his stamina, his amiability, his courage, these things are as nothing compared to his bray. That such a tremendous and far-reaching sound should emanate from so small a source constitutes the eighth wonder of the world. When the little blue burro—they are nearly all blue—concludes to celebrate his scanty period of relaxation by a good, healthy, whole-souled bray—when he humps his little back, and shuts his appealing little eyes, and lets his ears lie along his back, and then gathers himself into one ecstatic note, it is enough to make one envy the sainted dead and long for the cold and silent grave. The sleepers for a mile around start up with the sweat of terror on their furrowed brows, children fall down in fits, the sick believe they have heard Gabriel's horn, and the very atmosphere shudders like a human creature. Burros don't often bray, because they haven't much time for braying; but they bray sometimes, and that is what keeps them so low in the scale of animated nature. Without his bray the burro would be little short of an angel. As he is however, he is an animal to be admired at a distance and in the abstract."

THE MESSENGER.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1883.

A correspondent of the *Lutheran Observer* calls attention to the fact that a Lutheran congregation in New Jersey, one hundred and fifty years old, has never furnished the church with a minister of the Gospel. This is a significant fact, and may well start the inquiry as to the history of congregations in other denominations in this regard. Some of those in our own Church have been noted for the number of laborers they have sent into the Lord's vineyard, but others we doubt not have been notoriously deficient. Will our pastors allow us to challenge them right now and here upon this subject? Let them look at the records of the charges over which they now preside, and see what has been done in this particular, not merely during their own pastorates, but from the time the charges have been established. Statistics bearing on the matter would be exceedingly interesting, and in any case could be finished up with a significant interrogation. *Why?*

Our contemporary is right in saying that the fact it states, shows a "dearth of devotion" among young men. It wants to know who is to blame for it, and asks "Is it the young men? Is it the Church in her laymen? Is it the pastor? Is it the Synod?"

Evidently the deficiency is not to be traced in every case to any one of these sources to the exclusion of the others. There has been indifference all around, but we will undertake to say that the supply of candidates will serve as an indication of the zeal of pastors. And now that there is so much real alarm, it becomes our ministers to look around and ask themselves what they have been doing and what they ought to do under the circumstances. Every man ought to be confronted with this subject.

The *Independent* in its issue of August 9th says: "*The Reformed Quarterly Review* is always able; the current number is also trenchant. Prof. J. S. Stahr, with "A Two-edged Sword" pounces down on Wilford's "Problem of Human Life Here and Hereafter." Professor Stahr is at some loss how to name his man, which is not strange, considering that he sometimes signs by "Wilford, and sometimes by "E. Wilford Hall," and as a matter of fact, is never either the one or the other. In the last number of this quarterly Professor Stahr goes through the self sacrificing labor of digging this fox out of his burrows—an expenditure of time out of all proportion to the importance of the book, but to be justified by its unaccountable currency. Correspondents who have wondered why we made such short work with it, and declined the drudgery of sober and minute refutation, will take note that what they want is in the *Reformed Quarterly* for July and April of the present year.

We are much obliged to our able contemporary, for calling attention to Prof. Stahr's article. It should be read by those who have been misled by the author of "Problem of Human Life Here and Hereafter," whatever he may sign himself. We wondered at the confusion of the man's name and the *Independent* gives us the clue to it.

The editor of the *Christian Instructor* seems inconsolable under the introduction of instrumental music into the United Presbyterian Church. He lately felt bound to decline going into a Sunday-school room where he knew an organ had been placed, and now he complains, that a part of the family had closed the door on one of its own members. "Our feeling of grief," he says, "and the wrong done to us on the occasion cannot be described and will never be forgotten." The grievance is that a United Presbyterian congregation did not conform its worship to suit the conscience of an individual in a practice pronounced proper by the highest courts of the Church. It shows how men may wish to force their scruples upon others in things in regard to which liberty should be allowed. Well, people will differ. Just now we are made glad by an invitation to preach a dedicatory sermon in a dear old church where a fine organ has been placed.

DEATH OF ELDER JOHN WIEST.

We learn from the *Freeburg Courier*, Snyder County, Pa., that Elder John Wiest died in that place on Tuesday, 7th inst., and was buried on the following Friday. The *Courier* says: "He was bedfast five months from a disease of the stomach, from which at times he rallied, and hopes were entertained for his ultimate recovery. But it was manifest from the nature of the disease and its long continuance that it was impossible for him to recover." He was a man of great energy, and his incessant work is said to have hastened his end.

A large number of letters from Dr. Harbaugh has been found among the papers of the late Dr. Leinbach. This has reminded Dr. Bausman of Dr. Harbaugh's extensive correspondence, especially with ministers of our Church, and he suggests that those who have letters from him should send them to Dr. F. A. Gast, of Lancaster, for preservation. The letters are very interesting, and with careful editing will make a charming book at some future time. Dr. Gast is, we understand, keeper of the Archives.

Only six clerks of the Classes have thus far sent us the information we desired in regard to unemployed ministers and vacant congregations. Will the brethren be kind enough to attend to the matter. Many of our earnest workers, are anxious to get a birds eye view of the field.

If your pastor is allowed a vacation at all, grant it cheerfully. It will do him no good to be away if he feels like a woman who has left a sick baby at home. We have known men to be uneasy all the time they were gone, and they have come back to their work with a perfect dread of fault-finders and croakers—like a little boy who has played truant, and is met by some one on the outskirts of the village calling to him, "O, but you'r a goin' to catch it. Your Daddy's been looking for you for all day, with a stick in his hand." We always pitied such urchins.

The Classis of North Carolina has printed the minutes of its proceedings during the sessions held last May and sent them out in pamphlet form. This shows Christian enterprise. It is well to let those who are not present at such meetings know what has been done.

Palatinate College at Myerstown, Pa., will open on Monday, the 3d of September, not on the 30th as was eroneously stated in our last issue. Our readers will please note the correction. We are glad Prof. Reiley has such encouraging prospects before him.

We acknowledge the receipt of the first catalogue of Mercersburg College Revived, which comes to us in admirable style from the *Public Opinion* Printing Office, Chambersburg, Pa. There are seventy-nine students in attendance, and the names show that the patronage comes from good substantial families, whose confidence in Dr. Aughinbaugh's work is the best prophecy of his ultimate success in building up a first class school at Mercersburg. Dr. Aughinbaugh has a well organized faculty and his labors are bound to tell on the future. The fall term of the School opens Sept. 4th.

VACATION NOTES.

Our proposed route was in the form of an ellipse, with Carlisle and Frederick as the *foci*, but we delayed in and around the former place too long to complete the round. From Carlisle as our head quarters, we sallied forth in several directions, feasting our eyes on the beauties of that celebrated region—fields, landscapes, groves, with their distant mountain hedges, altogether too lovely for such description as we are able to give. When at last we flew back at the rate of forty miles an hour toward old Virginia, and while this glorious Cumberland Valley rolled by as a mammoth panorama, we thought thus: If Horace Greeley had lived here and had never seen New York, we think he would have stayed here and advised others to stay, and his well-known laconic advice would never have been uttered—"Young man, go West.

Indeed it is more than poetically true, that people do not "move" to this paradisic valley—but people are only *born* here. And they stay; their farms are not for sale, with perhaps once in a while an exception. In this goodly land our Church is not as well represented as it should be. But the Carlisle Classis will, no doubt, give it due attention. There is still room for its evangelistic work—for Church extension. The great historic name of the Reformed Church, we believe, shall yet become glorious in this renowned region.

Dr. F. W. Kremer, of Lebanon, the father of a thousand spiritual children, spent several weeks in Carlisle. It was something of a family re-union. Not very often "we three" meet together at one time. The genial Prof. Wm. M. Nevin and his estimable wife were also of the number. And his little grand-daughter, who rejoices in a common birth-day with him, our own special pet and grand-niece—of course *she* was in the circle. We could mention others very near and dear. Is it a wonder that we lingered and made but half our circuit? The Reformed Sunday-school of Carlisle had an excursion to Pine Grove, well known to many of our readers. The company numbered about three hundred. The route lay through a country of the brightest and richest attractions of lands, streams, little lakes, picturesque villages, mountains of iron and mountains of every sort of formation, environing here and there lovely homesteads and well cultivated fields, gems of beauty amid these grand temples of nature. The Park is one of the most delightful that we have yet seen, and well deserves its reputation. We were sorry the venerable Professor could not be there to enjoy the grand scenery, the pure and bracing atmosphere, the almost celestial water, gushing forth at convenient places, and to mingle with the merry crowd. Temporary illness, from which he had not quite recovered, prevented him.

We did not visit the Indian school this time, but heard good reports of it. Capt. Pratt is still at the head of this excellent school. Several of the Indian pupils, members of the Reformed Sunday school, joined the excursion, and seemed to be as sensible and civilized as other people, of more favored birth. Thanks to the "come at last" common sense of the government's Indian policy. The culture of mind and heart is infinitely better than attempts at subjugation by powder and lead. Men perish for lack of knowledge; it has always been so; our aborignes have perished like beasts, for that reason, fallen in cruel and senseless conflict, when if the light of truth had been permitted to disperse the gross darkness of the soul, very different would have been the social and moral condition of that race. Schools like the one at Carlisle, where the truths of nature and revelation, and the useful arts, are diligently taught, will settle the troublesome Indian question for ever. Captain Pratt, the Christian missionary soldier, is laying the foundation for a new and glorious era of our Indian tribes, and rearing for himself a monument more enduring than granite or brass. Whoever loves the cause of Christian missions must regard with intense interest this novel institution and its work. K.

FEW AND MANY.

It was, perhaps, a more important question than we are at first disposed to allow, which a certain one asked Christ: "Lord, are there few that be saved?" If many will be saved, the many is evidently easier than if but few will be saved. This is reasoning backwards. But the conclusion seems to be legitimately drawn. If the sifting process, which goes on in the probationary stage of our existence, to separate the chaff from the wheat, results in putting a large quantity of wheat into the garner of the Lord, the sifting is, without doubt, less severe than if a smaller number arrived there. Where a large number of persons, good, bad and indifferent, are subjected to a moral test or examination, and a large part of them pass the test, it is apparent that the standard of qualifications can not be so high as if just a few were to pass the test.

The question may have been prompted by idle curiosity. In that case, we have in this fact, no doubt, the reason why Christ gave it an indirect answer. Or the thought in the mind of the questioner may have been as to the qualifications. The meaning of his question, then, was: Is it easy to be saved, or is it difficult; is it likely that with small exertion, eternal life may be gained, or will it take all the efforts, of which we are capable to reach this important result? If this was the meaning of the question addressed to Christ, the reply was fully commensurate with it, and gave precisely the information that was wanted. And it seems more reasonable to take this view of it than the other.

Christ calls the gateway of life a strait or narrow one. He tells us to strive or struggle to enter into it: And He informs us that many shall attempt to enter and shall not succeed. Among all the sayings of our Lord, this is one of the most worthy to be brought to the attention of Christians of the present day. The large majority of those who are called by this name conduct themselves as though Christ had said: Seek everything of an earthly character first, and then the kingdom of heaven shall be added unto you. From the actions of men, and the latitude which they allow themselves in their conduct, we might infer that the words of the Saviour were: Wide is the gate and broad is the road that leadeth to life and many there be which go in thereat.

The ruling motive, which stirs the hearts and shapes the lives of the large majority of Church members, is a desire to be comfortable and successful in the present world. The whole week is given up to an eager pursuit of wealth, whilst the Sabbath is spent in idleness or pleasure. And when you talk with these people you find that their hearts are in the things of time and sense. They are very far from setting their affections on things above. No wonder the gospel falls so flat upon the ears of men so entirely given over to the spirit of the world, and the Church work is such a tremendous drag almost everywhere. We can hardly conceive the change which would be brought about, so far is it from anything we have ever seen, if men once began to serve God with half the zeal they now serve the world. One thing is unquestionable, either the statements of Christ in regard to the facilities for getting to heaven are entirely wrong, or, a great many people who now expect to inherit eternal life will wake from their dream of security in the torments of hell. L.

Communications.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Reader, have you ever been in Schuylkill or Carbon County during the months of July and August? If not, you ought by all means to go there the first opportunity you have; and if you have once been there, you will surely go again, that is, if you are a lover of what is beautiful and sublime in nature, and know the value of pure air, and good water fresh from the mountain springs, if you appreciate good company, genial hospitality, kindness and courtesy.

It was the good fortune of the writer recently to traverse this region in two different directions. First, north-easterly from Port Clinton to Mauch Chunk; and then again northwesterly from the same point to Schuylkill Haven, Cressona, Minersville, etc., to the Gordon Planes on Broad Mountain. Excepting the heaps of coal-dirt at the mouths of the collieries, there is everything to delight the eye, and the scenery is simply a grand succession of enchanting pictures exhibited in Nature's gallery, free to all who have power to enjoy them.

Our first stop was at Tamaqua, where we enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. Graeff and his family. We had the pleasure of witnessing the laying of the corner-stone for a new Reformed Church, on the 29th of July, a day which we think will ever be memorable in the history of the Reformed Congregation, of which Bro. Graeff is the pastor. Hitherto the Reformed and Lutheran congregations have worshiped in a Union Church; but the arrangement was not satisfactory, and finally the Reformed people proposed to the Lutherans either to buy the Lutheran interest in the church, or to sell the town interest to the Lutherans. The latter proposition was accepted, and now the Reformed have "come down from the Mountain," and have commenced to build a church of their own in the heart of the town upon a well-chosen site, where they will be prepared to make their influence felt.

The church will be a frame building 40 by 65 feet. The basement will be eleven feet high, and the main story eighteen feet, so that there will be abundant room for the prosperous Sunday School, as well as for the growing congregation. The pastor was assisted in the services by Prof. John Stahr of Lancaster, and in the afternoon, when the corner-stone was laid, we noticed the presence of Revs. Fisher of the Reformed Church, Meeker of the Presbyterian, and Leopold of the Evangelical Association. The services were interesting and impressive. We were particularly struck with the music. One of the pastor's daughters presided at the organ, and the choir gave evidence of careful training. It was easy to see that Bro. Graeff not only has the confidence of his own people, but also the confidence and good will of the community, and we predict a prosperous future, and an abundant harvest to his labors.

On Monday afternoon we did some mountain climbing. It was warm, and the exertion brought beads of perspiration to Bro Graeff's classic brow, (the writer could not see his own); but we were amply repaid for our efforts. If at first we did not succeed, we soon found our objective point, and, standing upon Table Rock as our *common platform*, we had a magnificent view of the world below. At our feet lay Tamaqua, before us the Little Schuylkill Valley: to the left, Coal Dale, Lansford, Summit Hill, and the Mountains around Mauch Chunk; whilst to our right we could see the valley opening towards Pottsville. It is superfluous to say that we enjoyed it all, and that we carry with us a mental photograph which will not soon fade. In the evening, seated in a buggy beside our genial friend Dechant, Road Master of this division of the P. & R. Railroad, we threaded our way up the valleys and defiles north of Tamaqua until we reached the top of the slope near Barnesville, looking over toward Broad Mountain. Here, as the shadows were deepening, the fine valley lay spread out before us, whilst in the distance we could see the entrance to the Mahanoy Tunnel, the Catawissa R. R., Quakake, Tamanend, etc.

Bidding adieu to our kind friends at Tamaqua, we went up the valley to Lansford, through the tunnel, and down toward Mauch Chunk. We had time to notice the effect of the various shades of green in the foliage as we proceeded, rhododendron and laurel, pine and hemlock, alternating with our deciduous trees; and oh! how we wished that we could stop the train to pluck some rare flower or showy orchid, that tauntingly raised its head at the wayside! But we are hurried onward as if by the decree of fate until Mauch Chunk is reached. We shall not say much of this place, the praises of which have been sung so often. We will only remark that notwithstanding the highly colored descriptions which frequently confront you, the place itself does not disappoint you. The tourist naturally turns to Onoko, nestling in the heart of the mountain, or to the famous Switchback, and the enchanting view from the top of Mount Pisgah, and he never turns away with disappointment. But on the present occasion, without undervaluing these attractions, we thought we would seek Mauch Chunk itself, and we found it at last, for it consists of *membra disjecta*, looking for all the world like an Amœba with its pseudopodia running into every defile, or climbing up the mountain sides wherever foothold can be found. But although it is a "pent up Utica," it is a picturesque little town, where people evidently make the most of their opportunities. It was something of a curiosity to find little terraced gardens and *parterres* back of the houses arranged on mountain slopes with an inclination of from 35 to 70°; but they looked pretty, and seemed to produce nearly everything from cabbage heads to grape vines, whilst around the houses, wherever there was room, the lawns were richly variegated with scarlet geraniums and purple clematis.

But we are on the wing again, and away we go down the beautiful Lehigh Valley dotted with villages and towns, where belching furnaces seem to mark the way with pillars of cloud by day, and of fire by night. We like to see these; but alas! they do not in this age indicate the presence of the same Spirit that guides the wanderings of the children of Israel! After a short stop at Bethlehem, we swung round again, and, passing Allentown, we reach Kutztown, where we find Dr. Schaeffer and his good wife, with hosts of old friends, all busy in starting the work of another session which has just opened. Dr. Schaeffer has not changed much; he has only ripened into vigorous manhood with the streaks of gray becoming more perceptible on his head, while his capacity for hard work is undiminished.

From this point, with Dr. E. H. Hottenstein of '83 as guide, we set out to see the country, and visit the famous Crystal Cave, near Virginsville, Berks Co. We were prepared to enjoy the former, and felt as if we were looking down upon the Paradise of Berks County, from the top of the ridge along which we rode. The latter, the Crystal Cave, really surpassed our expectations, and we think it is well worth a visit. The present owner, Mr. Kohler, is enthusiastic in his devotion to his treasure, and jealously guards it against the hands of desecrating vandals. Unfortunately, the same good care was not taken in the beginning, and many of the most beautiful formations in the readily accessible portions of the cave, have been removed or broken. But still there is a great deal of grandeur and beauty in it, and the owner takes great pains to open up new galleries, and to exhibit to the best advantage the different chambers resplendent with crystals, and ornamented by statues and drapery of Nature's choice handiwork. The distance from the mouth of the cave to the farthest point hitherto explored, is about 450 feet; but the intervening space contains a succession of passages, now ascending, now descending, and vaulted chambers from 12 to 30 ft. high. Now you crawl or climb carefully along through a contracted passage, and suddenly the walls have receded, and *before you*, you have darkness there, and nothing more. By and by the gloom is lit up, and you see a large room from the arched ceiling of which beautiful stalactites of virgin purity are suspended; below, and on the sides the dripping water has fashioned curious forms of stalagmite, whilst all around, the light is reflected from thousands of crystals. All these things combined, produce a very weird effect upon the mind accustomed to look only upon the "surface of things," and as you pass on, and new scenes and new views are presented in succession, you get new ideas as to the wonders concealed in the mysterious bowels of the earth. But we must retrace our steps, and from the poetry of nature, return again to the prose of every day life, and to the discharge of duties into which the recollections of such enjoyments are borne, as the breezes bear the delicious fragrance of new-mown hay to the travel-stained footsore wanderer.

Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 1883. N. S. R.

SOMERSET CLASSIS.

This Classis met in special session at Berlin, Pa., July 26th, 1883. Besides other business, Licentiate George M. Zacharias was received from Maryland Classis, and provision made for his ordination.

On the 27th ult., the corner-stone of the new church at Berlin was laid. Revs. G. H. Johnson, J. O. Johnston, A. E. Truxel, H. S. Garner, C. J. Musser, S. T. Wagner, Jno. M. Schick, H. King, C. U. Heilman, H. F. Keener, and Pastor S. R. Bridenbaugh, of the Reformed church, and Revs. Poffinberger, Fisher, and Brubaker of the Lutheran church. Revs. Weakley and Hutchinson of the M. E. Church, were present.

Though in the midst of harvest, there was a large attendance on the occasion. The congregation at Berlin have undertaken something worthy of themselves and of their efforts. The church will be a commodious and imposing edifice.

They have entered upon the project with enthusiasm, which, we hope, will grow in intensity as the noble work advances until completed and given to God free of debt.

Rev. J. O. Johnston, of Schuylkill Haven, preached the sermon on the occasion, which was appropriate and well received. Revs. G. H. Johnson and J. M. Schick made brief and appropriate addresses at the corner-stone. A collection was taken up amounting to over $50.

The foundation is about ready for the bricklayers, who will likely enter upon their work at an early day. A SPECTATOR.

DEDICATION OF LECTURE ROOM OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH, CRESSONA, PA.

The lecture room of St. Mark's Reformed Church was dedicated on the first Sunday of August. The building is frame, and the size of it is 36 by 60. The lower part of the building is divided into two apartments intended for the Sunday-School, and for weekly services. The entire building is completed save the finishing and furnishing of the audience chamber. The cost of the building as far as completed including the ground aggregates a little over $5000. The lower rooms are neatly furnished with pulpit chairs and carpet.

Rev. L. D. Steckel, J. S. Stahr and Rev. J. P. Stein assisted in the service of dedication. The entire day was taken up with religious services. The attendance at all the services was large and the contributions liberal. Notwithstanding the fact that the members had already subscribed largely to the erection of this church about $400 was collected on the day of the dedication. The indebtedness on the church after all subscriptions are paid will be about $1600. It is the intention of the congregation to leave the audience chamber

in its unfinished condition until it has paid off the debt.

This was a happy occasion for this congregation organized about 6 years ago. The zeal which has carried them forward in this work was commendable. The older members were glad that they were permitted to enter this new house of worship. The whole community take a kindly interest in the prosperity of this congregation. The pastor, J. Alvin Reber, has reason for great encouragement in his present field of labor.

It may here likewise be stated that a beautiful German Bible was presented by Mrs. Jeremiah Aulenbach. An Order of Worship by Miss E. L. Downey of Lancaster, and a clock by Saml. Hover of Cressona. A neat walnut pulpit was made and presented by one of the deacons, and two pulpit chairs were presented by Mr. James Marlinger. The chairs and the carpet were secured by the faithful labors of the Aid Society.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The trip made was by private conveyance through the Valley of Virginia.—The farthest point reached, Staunton.—The purpose was to attend a special meeting of Classis and to visit the brethren.

The session of Classis was held at Timberville, a small town on the Valley R. R. The object here was to ordain licentiate Summey and install him as pastor over the recently constituted Timberville Charge. This was done and the young brother is now fairly at work, and with much to encourage him. We may not say that it is "a fat field," but there is evidently that at hand out of which a very good charge may be made. We are not able to measure Bro. Summey, but we will be much mistaken if his good people do not repond heartily in his effort to make it such. His first work is the completion of a new Church at Timberville begun under the pastorate of Bro. Carnahan. The building is already under roof, it needs yet the finishing touch and Bro. Summey is busy gathering the means to do this, in the hope of occupying it yet this winter. Bro. Summey is still a bachelor, and of course lonely, as the sole occupant of "a great big house and nobody living in it," but he'll have no need to fear the ghost of melancholy, if he will but heed the demands of his new charge.

Having attended to its work here, the Classis adjourned to meet in Grace Church near Mt. Jackson, the following evening. This move was to receive Rev. Geo. Whitmore from the Clarion Classis and install him pastor of this lower end of the old Mill Creek charge. This was duly attended to after late "candle light," the writer charging the pastor and Rev. S. L. Whitmore the people. Bro. Whitmore had already been with this people for several months and the work was fairly under way. The ripening fruits of the former pastor's toilsome labors being gathered, new lands turned up and good seed sown, and the future promises well. The old parsonage, off in the country, has been sold, an acre lot for parsonage and chapel, purchased at Mt Jackson, a big hole dug, and a great pile of stones gathered for the new parsonage, which the pastor has strong hopes will afford him shelter from the storms of the approaching winter. Besides very liberal subscriptions have been offered for the erection of a chapel close by. Indeed I would not be surprised if next spring Classis would vote to meet in annual session at St. —— chapel, Mt. Jackson in 1885.

Spending several days in this section. we were the guests of our old friend, Col. Levi. Rinker, a very patriarch in the Classis. The home of the Col. a large mansion close by the banks of Mill Creek is a delightful place to stay, and he whose good fortune it is to tarry beneath his roof, at least as long as his estimable daughter, Miss Mattie, *a veritable Martha*, is the ministering spirit, will soon come to know, what, not only Virginia, but true Christian hospitality means. The Col. passed through very sore trials and afflictions during last winter, but we are glad to say that kind Providence has brought him safely through them all and there remains to him a bright, cheerful spirit, and only an occasional rheumatic kind to check him in the old habits of a "quick-stepper." It would not surprise us to learn that the Col. had devised some liberal things for one or more of our church charities or institutions. May the good Lord be his stay in his declining years and bear him in peace at last to the rest of his own beloved. J. A. H.

SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.

In the early part of the night of Nov. 11th, 1881, the buildings of our Home were burned to the ground and we had to find temporary shelter, for the orphans. For a few weeks some of the boys were cared for by neighbors and citizens of Womelsdorf. At the end of three weeks we opened our schools and sheltered all our children, having put in repair such buildings as still remained on the land of the Home. On November 17th, the Board appointed Isaac McHose, D. B. Albright. Joseph Coblentz, W. D. Gross, and Geo. Z. Kunkle a building committee.

Jan. 19th, 1882. The board held a regular quarterly meeting, adopted a plan for a new building and instructed its Committee to go forward with the erection of the same, at a cost not exceeding $25,000 00. On February 10th, 1882, the building committee met in the office of Isaac McHose, Chairman, to open proposals and award contract. The lowest best bidders, Gassert & Cilly received the contract. On February 13th, 1883, the Building Committee and contractors met on the ground and located the building. On May 20th, 1882, the corner stone was laid, and on Dec. 14th the Home was dedicated with appropriate religious services and on Dec. 21st the building was taken possession of by the orphan family.

344 orphans have been cared for by this Home since it was established. There are 54 in the Home at present. Since the organization of the Reformed Congregation in 1869, 142 orphans have been confirmed. 11 were confirmed on last Good Friday. The Orphans have made good progress in their studies. The farm produced last year 492 bushels wheat, 136 bushels of rye, 300 bushels of corn, 200 bushels of potatoes, 300 bushels of oats, 120 bushels of grapes, 30 tons of cattle and all the vegetables used in the Home.

Respectfully submitted,
D. B. ALBRIGHT, *Supt.*

RECONSTRUCTION IN LEBANON CLASSIS.

At a late special meeting of Lebanon Classis held at Pottsville, action was taken to carry forward the work of reconstruction. The large charges of this Classis are gradually being divided and an additional force of ministers is required to cultivate this fruitful territory. The Tulpehocken charge served by the lamented Dr. Leinbach, was by the action of Classis divided into two pastoral charges. It is known that the work of this large field, consisting of five congregations was too laborious for one man, and it is fully believed that the heavy demands upon its former pastor, have been the cause of shortening his useful life. Classis not desiring that a similar sacrifice should be made, has, before the settlement of a pastor has taken place, divided this large field into two pastoral charges—one consisting of Tulpehocken and Millersburg congregations, and the other of Kimmerling's, Gushard's and Klopp's congregations.

In the confirmation of calls Classis will guide itself in accordance with its late action.

The Sinking Spring charge consisting heretofore of four congregations, has been reduced to two, namely Sinking Spring and the Hain Congregation.

The Yocums congregation heretofore belonging to the Sinking Spring charge has been placed under the pastoral care of the pastor of St. John's Reformed church, Reading. By this arrangement the Mission Board is relieved from any further appropriation to the pastor of St. John's congregation.

By the united efforts of the Reformed churches of Reading, a lot has been secured and $2500 subscribed for the erection of an inviting chapel in the northern part of that growing city. To strengthen this mission, and to assist in the support of a pastor, Kissinger's congregation has been added to this new charge. It is to be hoped that these new fields will be speedily supplied with pastors and that the wisdom of the course which Classis has taken will be seen and acknowledged by those who will be the more directly benefited by this new arrangement.

PREMIUM TRACT, NO. 2.

An unexpectedly large demand was made by Pastors and others for Premium Tract, No. 1, which was very gratifying to us. The subject was an interesting one, and upon it, there was need for enlightenment among members of the church and others. With the hope that this demand would be kept up in reference to other succeeding tracts —No. 2 was obtained, published, and offered for sale. For some reason or other, important as the subject is, and seems to engage so generally and earnestly the attention of the church at this time, and how well the author handles the subject within so short a compass, the orders for it have not been very numerous from our Pastors and others. It certainly deserves a more general and a universal circulation or distribution. It cannot fail to create an interest in that of which it treats. "The work of missions in the Reformed Church in the U. S." It does not, nor is it expected to treat exhaustively so great a subject, but its purpose is only to suggest, and to awaken inquiry and interest.

We hope Pastors will send in their orders, and circulate it widely, even to putting one into the hand of every member. In this way they will not only inform their members of the work, and needs of the church in this direction, but also encourage us to carry forward the plan of issuing an extended series of Premium Tracts. See in another column the prices, and send in your order.

CHAS. G. FISHER,
Aug. 13, 1883. Sup't. Ref'd Ch. Pub. Bd.

CONNEAUT LAKE A SUMMER RESORT.

Since the Meadville Railway is built this beautiful lake in Crawford county is yearly growing in public favor. But a few years ago Evansburg was a lifeless old worn-out village. Now the whole town posseses an air of freshness and new life. Not only are the dwelling houses repaired and repainted, but new and handsome residences are erected every year. Besides, within two years four new and spacious hotels have been built along the shores of the lake, which afford excellent accommodations to the many pleasure seekers that resort thither. Along the eastern shore of the lake the grounds are well covered with tall and shady trees, and two or three places—Quigley Point, Oakland Beach and Foust's Knob—are especially adapted for pleasure grounds. Ocean Beach so far has been the most popular, but the Foust property just above the beach is the highest point at the lake, commands the best view and in all probability will eventually be the most favored spot at the lake.

We understand that negotiations are being made by St. Paul's Classis of the Reformed Church to secure the property from the Foust heirs, and if successful, Classis will convert it into a beautiful place where religious assemblies can meet and discuss the living issues of the day. The Reformed Church Assembly will meet on the 23d of August, when representative speakers from the Church east and west will be present and address the assemblage. Last year the churches of Crawford and Mercer counties only participated. This year excursions will be extended to other places, so that opportunities will be given for a larger number of the churches of Pittsburg Synod to be present. From present indications it will be the largest assembly of the season. At this meeting the committee appointed to secure the Foust property will report, and it is quite likely when the Assembly adjourns it will be to meet the next time at Foust's Knob.—*Greenville Advance Argus.*

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

Synod of the United States.

Kremer.—Rev. F. W. Kremer, D. D., of the First Reformed Church, Lebanon, Pa., and Rev. L. G. Kremer, of the Second Church, Hagerstown, Md., father and son, exchanged pulpits on the 15th ult.

Synod of the Potomac.

Taneytown, Md.—Rev. P. A. Long preached his annual harvest sermon on the 5th inst. The service was largely attended and the collection amounted to $37.90, which is good, as the membership is not large. The $5 notes in the basket cheered the pastor. He has reason to think the work in his charge is progressing. He has a large class of catechumens who are especially attentive to the study of the doctrines of the church.

Waynesboro, Pa.—St. Paul's Reformed congregation of Waynesboro, Pa., have improved their church building. The ceiling has been refrescoed in panels of delicate colors, the wood work regrained in walnut, the side walls calcimined in lilac, and a beautiful new carpet covers the floor. Gas is introduced through three chandeliers of four burners each. The entire improvement is a fitting evidence of the attachment for their Reformed faith. The work cost over $300.

Chambersburg.—The improvements in the Reformed Church at Chambersburg have been completed, and the re-dedication will take place on the 26th inst. *Public Opinion*, a bright secular exchange, which we congratulate upon its entrance upon its fifteenth year, gives the following description of the "Memorial Windows:"—"The windows for the Reformed church have all arrived and been put in place. Two are from the workshops of Morgan & Co., of N. Y., and the remaining nine are the work of Messrs. Alfred Godwin & Co., of 1201 Market street, Philadelphia. The windows, of which seven are memorial, are all of stained glass and executed in the highest style of art. In no other church in the State are the windows of such uniform excellence, and the appearance presented is beautiful and striking. Back of the pulpit in the chancel, is placed a handsome window, on the upper panel of which is a representation of a dove descending through the clouds. On the lower panel an open Bible is resting on a cross over the arms of which is placed a crown beautifully set with jewels. The first window on the right hand side is a memorial to Jacob and Catharine Heyser. The figures on this window represent the Good Samaritan extending his offices to a weary traveler, beneath which is the text, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of my brethren ye have done it unto me." The design is handsomely worked out in dark colors. Next to it is a memorial window to William and Elizabeth Heyser, on which an exquisite figure representing Faith is painted in rich colors. The text, "Faithful unto death," is below the figure. The third window on the same side is in memory of John and Amelia Smith, the subject of which is Hope. A beautiful harp and chalice are used as emblems. The front window on the left or street side is a memorial of Christian and Anna Mary Wolff, and portrays with much beauty the 'Sermon on the Mount.' Next is one to Barnard and Judith Ann Wolff, the figures on which represent the Saviour blessing little children. The third window on the same side is a very handsome memorial to Mary E. White. An angel is represented pointing the way upward to a child. The figures are handsomely executed and are a tribute to the excellent artists in the employ of Godwin & Co. The window next to it is in memory of Anna Catherine Cremer, and represents the Resurrection. The expression on the faces of the figures on this window is very fine. The remaining windows are plain stained-glass of handsome design and beautifully mingled colors. The emblems on them are an anchor, star and sheaf of wheat. A short description cannot do justice to the beauty of the windows, and they must be seen to be appreciated. The makers put forth their best efforts and the result is a superb set of windows. Mr. C. F. Hensel, a master-workman in his line and a capital fellow, has been actively at work the past week putting them into place, and soon the Reformed congregation will again worship in their old place refurnished completely, and presenting an appearance second to none in the valley.

NOTICE.

The following is the programme selected by the Sunday School Board, for discussion at the meeting of Pittsburg Synod, to be held in the Trinity Reformed Church, Kittanning, Pa., Sept. 26, A. D., 1883.

(1) The necessity of the Sunday-school. To be opened by Revs. R. C. Bowling and J. F. Wiant.

(2) The special mission of the Sunday-school. Opened by Revs. S. R. Bridenbaugh and J. M. Schick.

(3) The management of the Sunday-school. Opened by Elder T. J. Craig and Rev. A. E. Truxel.

The addresses ought not to exceed fifteen minutes in length. The privilege will be given to any of the other members of Synod to follow, with remarks on the above subjects not exceeding five minutes in length.

By order of the Board,
J. W. PONTIOUS, Chairman.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The authorities of the Shenandoah Railroad Company have agreed to sell roundtrip tickets for $25.20 from Hagerstown, Md., to Newton, N. C., to persons attending the approaching meeting of the Synod of the Potomac, at the latter place, being regular excursion rates, or two cents a mile each way. The Cumberland Valley Railroad Company has also consented to sell excursion tickets to Hagerstown, at regular excursion rates, making the fare from Harrisburg, Pa., to Newton and return, about $28.00.

The railroad companies, by way of Washington, D. C., and Richmond or Lynchburg, Va., which would be the shorter route for many members of the Synod, have thus far refused to grant any reduction of fare.

It is deemed proper to make the foregoing announcements thus early, in order that the members of the Synod may have the facts in the case and make their arrangements accordingly. And as the rates of travel are very considerably lower than many anticipated they would be, it is fondly hoped, that all who can possibly attend the approaching meeting of the Synod, will make it their business to do so.

Further announcements will follow in due course of time. STATED CLERK.
Mercersburg, Pa.—Aug. 6, 1883.

CONNEAUT LAKE ASSEMBLY.

A hearty invitation is hereby extended to all who desire a day of recreation and social enjoyment, to come to Oakland Beach on the shores of Conneaut Lake, in Crawford county, Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the 23d of August, 1883. St. Paul's Classis of the Reformed Church has appointed that day for a meeting of the people of the Reformed Church, and instructed me to publish a general invitation as soon as a suitable place for the purpose is secured. It is desired that a goodly number of our ministers and people should meet there to become acquainted, and to enjoy themselves.

Those coming from Pittsburgh and East, will take the Pittsburgh and Erie road, which runs a train to Conneaut Lake three times a day each way. Those from the West can come on the N. Y. P. & O. road to Meadville, when they will be directed to Conneaut Lake, as it is out, ten miles, and four trains a day each way, run between Meadville and Conneaut, or they may come on the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne road to Homewood, and there change for the Erie road, which takes them direct to Conneaut Lake.

Conneaut is a very fine lake of clear spring water, five miles long and two miles wide, has good fishing and a nice country surrounding. Five good size steamers run continually on the lake, and take passengers any place desired. It is expected that at this meeting some of the most renowned men of our church, from the east and from the west will be present and address the people. A charter has been obtained for the formation of a permanent Conneaut Lake Assembly, such as at Chatauqua, only on a smaller scale and less expensive. All the preliminaries for this enterprise have been attended to and will be laid before the people on August 23d, to be put into actual operation if desired and the necessary means can be secured. Those who wish to enjoy the cool breezes of Conneaut Lake for a longer time will please write to the undersigned for further information. C. M. BOUSH.
Meadville, Pa., July 12th, 1883.

PHILADELPHIA, August 1, 1883.

Editor of the Messenger. Dear Sir: In the early part of May I gave notice that I would furnish a good substantial set of lamps to any church unable to buy them. I now wish to say I am compelled to withdraw that offer for the present. I have furnished 22 churches, including nearly all the Evangelical denominations, in the following States; Penna. 7, Ohio 2, Ill 3, Md. 1, N. J. 1, Mich. 1, W. V. 1, Va. 1, Ind. 1, Ky. 1, N. C. 2, and Phila. 1. I hope to be able to renew this offer in the future, as I know there must be many more needing help; but for the present I must "Call a halt." Trusting that a generous public will appreciate my feeble effort to cast light in dark places, I remain,

Yours Respectfully,
A. J. WEIDENER.

SEMINARY NOTICE.

The session of the Theological Seminary, Lancaster, will open on Thursday, Sept. 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when the introductory address to the students will be delivered in the College Chapel by Prof. J. B. Keiffer.

E. V. GERHART,
Pres. of Faculty.

General News.

HOME.

Education.

The National Educational Assembly met at Ocean Grove on the 9th inst., and continued in session several days.

Strikes.

The iron strikers at Bethlehem still hold out. The telegraph operators are said to be weakening.

Fires.

The business part of Vineyard Haven, Mass. was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. Fifty acres in the heart of the village were burned over, and the loss cannot be estimated. Hundreds of people are left homeless.—The Kimball House at Atlanta, Ga. was burned on the 12th inst.

Death from mal-treatment.

William A. J. Fiss died last week at the Norristown Insane Asylum, from injuries received at the hands of James Gaffey, a keeper. The case is undergoing thorough investigation on the part of the authorities.

A Terrible Storm in Iowa.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 9.—A terrible hail storm passed down the Nashnabotna Valley on Tuesday night, resulting in great destruction to the growing crops and farm property. Near Odebolt Mrs. Larson was killed and other persons were wounded. Hail fell to the depth of five feet in places. Trains on the branch of the Rock Island Road and the main line of the Chicago and Milwaukee Road were blocked. The path of the storm was four miles wide. Everything was literally destroyed. The loss will probably exceed $500,000.

Still Another Storm.

Chicago, Aug. 9.—Special despatches report that a severe storm prevailed in Shelby, Cass, and Pottawattomie counties, Iowa, last night. The growing crops were levelled to the ground, and considerable damage to other property was done. The track of the storm was five miles wide. Near Brayton twenty-two head of cattle were killed by being stampeded and running down an embankment. At Lorah nine freight cars were blown from the track.

FOREIGN.

The Luther Celebration.

Berlin, Aug. 8.—Thousands of persons are arriving at Erfurt to participate in the festival in celebration of Martin Luther's entry into that town.

Continued on Eighth Page.

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It is to be had at the following rates:

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Baptismal Certificates *of All Kinds.*
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PERIODICALS.

Now is the time for orders for these essentials in properly conducting our Sunday-schools to be ordered for such, as after the rest of winter are about to open, to be sent in, as it is the beginning of a new quarter. "The Guardian," for teachers; "The Quarterly," for scholars; "Lesson Papers," advanced and primary; "The Child's Treasury," monthly and semi-monthly; and "Sunshine," are equal to any others of the kind, and at prices in keeping with their contents and appearance. The cheapest are not always the best. Specimen copies sent on application free of charge.

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Imitation Turkey, Gilt,	1.00
Real Turkey, Gilt, Stiff or Limp,	1.75
Same, with Forms.	
Roan Embossed, Plain,	65
Roan Embossed, Gilt,	90
Imitation Turkey, Gilt,	1.25
Real Turkey, Gilt, Stiff or Limp,	2.00

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Miscellaneous.

IS THERE A GOD?

Reffeik Retlaw.

Is there a God, whose chastening rod
Falls on the infant tender?
Whose shadow falls upon the walls
Of those who live in splendor?
Is there a God at whose mere nod
Worlds enter into being?
The atheist asks and tries the task
Of not with this agreeing.

Ah me, 'tis odd that those who plod
Along life's pathway dreary,
Should not of earth, with all its dearth
Of real joy, grow weary.
Could whirlwinds rush in madd'ning crush
Without a higher power?
Could thunders roll from pole to pole?
Could mountains skyward tower?

Could man invent? or e'er dissent
From views held by a brother?
Would one man work, another shirk
His load upon some other,
If God had not, with cunning plot,
Endowed each man with reason?
So that while one is never done,
The other knows no season

When he can find for his frail mind
A work that's worth the doing?
For some will toil while others foil
All labor—work eschewing.
Then tell me, man, doubt if you can
That there is one above us?
As well believe that angels grieve
When we lose those who love us!

Have you ne'er felt the hot tears melt
When Death, with face averted,
Took from your side your joy, your pride,
And stern his power asserted?
Have you ne'er seen the silvery sheen
Upon a dead's child's features?
A smile that said—"I am not dead;
Why weep, ye doubting creatures?"

Ah me, 'tis odd that those who plod
Thro' earth's keen briars and brambles
Should think that this were all the bliss:
Poor mortals in the shambles!
To feel, to know, where'er they go,
That this were all the living
Allowed to man, whose narrow span
Were scarcely worth the giving.

There *is* a God, with chastening rod,
To make us fit for glory;
There *is* a home where men ne'er roam,
It is no idle story.
And tho' men sneer till Death draws near,
With icy breath close pressing,
They WILL own God and bless the rod
With their last, feeble blessing!

Selections.

Happy those who fearing God fear nothing else.—*Fenelon.*

Devotion sweetens all that courage must endure.—*Madame Swetchine.*

We must do what we can for our neighbor, and leave the future to God.—*Lacordaire.*

We must sometimes leave the Saviour's side for the sake of others and for love of Him.—*S. Francis de Sales.*

O wait! to Thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me! yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, Thou'rt waiting still for me?
—*Lope de Vega.*

There will never be a second Saviour to atone for the guilt of rejecting the first.—*Dr. Wardlaw.*

Make others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking, and thinking; your actions will speak of Him, if He be in you.—*Rutherford.*

Better my hand be still in Thine,
Be lost my will, in will divine;
Where can a child so safe abide
As pressing to a Father's side?
Then, first and last, my God, my King,
The opening year Thy praise shall sing;
And each succeeding day shall be
A fresh memorial, Lord, to Thee.
—*Dr. F. Bottome.*

Let him, then, who would become a strong Christian say, in his heart, and with all his heart, "I am the Lord's; not reluctantly, but with joy I own the infinite obligation. I am the Lord's, wholly and forever; I exult in the thought. Here, at the foot of the cross, I devote my life to His service. All I am, all I possess, all of which I am capable, every act, every word, every thought, every emotion, every plan, hope, and desire—all are Christ's, and shall be His forever. Come what will—honor or reproach, joy or sorrow, life or death—I am the Lord's; and with all my powers of mind and soul and body, with my whole being will I serve Him, wholly, earnestly, joyfully, world without end."

Science and Art.

Oak timber taken from the bottom of the Rhine near Mayence, evidently the remains of a bridge built by Drusus 2000 years ago, is found when seasoned to take a fine polish, and a Berlin man has bought the job lot to work up into pianos.

Suprise has often been expressed at the fact that no new species of animal seems to have appeared since the glacial age. Mr. Donald Mackintosh, writing in the *Geological Magazine*, advances in explanation of this the new theory, which appears to be growing, that only a few thousand years had elapsed since the glacial beds were laid down.

The French astronomers are talking about the possibility of interplanetary signalling. Concerning the matter T. W. Tobin says: "It is certain that we are on the eve of grand discoveries, grander than the world has yet seen or dreamed of, and the intercommunion of planetary intelligence cannot be among the least of such revelations from the Creator to His beings."

To coat iron with zinc a very fine coating is made of the powder of the latter metal, which is mixed with oil and siccative, and applied to the iron by means of an ordinary brush. In many cases one coat will do. Both the effects of air and water are kept away by two coats. The zinc coating gives the iron a steely appearance, which does not interfere with subsequent painting.

"The Brooklyn Bridge is about a mile in length, and a very good bridge; but at Langang the Chinese have a bridge five miles long, with 300 arches, across an arm of the China Sea. Over the pillar of each arch there is a recumbent lion twenty-one feet long, made of a single block of marble. The roadway is seventy feet wide."

All true; and if the reader says, "But that isn't a suspension bridge," it is also true, as is the fact that suspension bridges were first used in China, where the germ of nearly everything connected with the useful arts is found. These bridges, we may add, are formed of five parallel chains, with links one foot in diameter, on which a loose bamboo flooring is laid. They are devoted exclusively to the service of pedestrians.—*Christian at Work.*

COLORS MADE BY THE HUMAN VOICE.—The Philadelphia *Press*, of June 2, says: An optical demonstration of the effect of sound on the colors and figures in soap bubbles was given at the Franklin Institute recently by Prof. Holeman. A film of soap was placed across the end of a phoneidoscope. To bring the sound in direct contact with the soap a tube was used. A reflection of the film was thrown on a canvass screen, where it first assumed a bluish-gray appearance. An intonation of the voice, with the lips close to the mouth of the tube, caused a number of black spots to appear on the reflection. When these passed away a beautiful light green, intermingled with pink, remained. These two appeared to be the principal colors caused by sound. It was noticeable, however, that while a certain tone would cause the same figure to reappear, it had no control over the color. A tone which, for instance, caused one solid color to appear, would bring out, perhaps, a dark blue at one time and a yellow at another. No difference was noticeable in the effect of the male and female voices.

Personal.

Senator Don Cameron is deriving great benefit from his treatment by an English surgeon. But he writes that he is compelled to totally abstain from the use of champaign.

Herr Pollini has offered Wagner's widow the sum of 1,000,000 marks for the exclusive rights of *Parsiful*, which, however, she has declined. The reason of her refusal does not transpire.

President Arthur says:—"I had a chance to see two things on which Kentucky plumes herself—her horses and her beautiful women—and now I am a thorough believer in both of them."

Dr. Oliver S. Taylor, of Auburn, N. Y., is the one surviving member of the class of 1808 of Dartmouth College. He is almost one hundred years of age and enjoys good health in mind and body.

At a recent party in London Mrs. Baroness Burdette William Bartlett Coutts wore but a single ornament, a plain black velvet around her neck fastened at the throat by a solitaire that was worth $140,000.

Professor Baird, Director of the Smithsonian Institution and President of the Fish Commission, while he rarely fails to recognise a species of fish or any scientific specimen on sight, is often at a loss to call his best known acquaintances by name when he meets them casually.

General Grant does not like to travel on Sunday if he can help it. The other day General Porter telegraphed to him in the Catskill Mountains that a directors' car was at his disposal for a trip to Long Branch on Sunday. General Grant politely declined it, saying: "I always tried not to travel on Sunday when I held office, and there does not seem to be any reasonable excuse for it now."

Among the various accomplishments of Cardinal Newman the ability of writing plays is numbered. His Eminence has been engaged in adapting the *Pincerna* of Terence, and an amended and very much expurgated version of that play was performed by the students of the Birmingham Oratory. The Cardinal was present at the representation and was loudly cheered at the fall of the curtain.

Items of Interest.

There are now in London 520 fountains for human beings and 527 troughs for animals, the value of the same being $60,000. There are estimated to be more than 700,000 drinkers at these fountains every day, or a total of 250,000,000 in a year.

The only thing to mar the pleasure of the occasion," wrote a Boston editor in his account of a suburban funeral, "was a little difficulty between the clergyman and one of the mourners concerning the ownership of a flask found in the carriage they had occupied."

Chinese ingenuity has invented a new plan of protecting carrier pigeons from birds of prey. A whistle, consisting of ten small bamboo tubes, is, by means of a thread which passes under the wings, fastened to the pigeon's tail. In flight the rush of air through the tubes produces a shrill sound, and it is said that birds of prey are thus kept off.

A curious lawsuit will shortly be heard at Hamburg. The late Baron Schiff, the well-known Jewish banker, left directions in his will that his body should be burned. This was done, but when his relatives tried to remove his ashes to place them in the family vault the authorities of the Jewish Cemetery objected to it, as cremation is contrary to their religion.

The French Government has introduced into elementary schools the study of dress-making, and has provided means for the instruction of teachers, all expenses being defrayed for them, while they have in Paris a twenty days' course of lessons in cutting and fitting. Not merely are the pupils thus enabled to wear better dresses, but they are taught economy in teaching.

Some interesting statistics bearing on capital punishment have been published in Berlin. Between the years 1864 and 1868 218 persons were condemned in Germany to decapitation, and of these 26 only were executed. Between 1868 and 1878 no fewer than 428 were condemned, but in no case was the sentence carried out. In the year 1878, however, Hodel was executed for his attempt on the Emperor, but in 1879 and 1880 there were no executions. Since 1881 there have been only 3.

Dr. Talmage in a recent sermon stated that 250,000 persons in New York and Brooklyn receive charitable assistance. The first thought with almost every one is, This must be a great exaggeration; but a careful examination of statistics bears out the assertion. The New York *Herald* shows, from the reports of the Charity Organization Society, that 40,000 families applied for relief in New York last year, and that this probably represents 200,000 persons in New York alone, while 50,000 more will be easily furnished by Brooklyn. These people are not absolute paupers, but are on the road to pauperism. The problem of a quarter of million of people in these two cities needing help from the public is one of great magnitude and pressing importance, and the proper solution of which is intimately connected with the future well-being of the great metropolis.

Books and Periodicals.

WINTER IN INDIA. By the Rt. Hon. W. E. Baxter, M. P. New York, Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, "Standard Library," 10 and 12 Dey Street, pp. 151. Price, 15c.

This is the last, and the best, of a number of most charming books of travel by the Hon. Mr. Baxter, who took many journeys in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. By the aid of this book we can accompany him through his winter tour in India. He introduces us to strange scenes, curious incidents peculiar alone to India, and obtains for us a vast fund of information and facts concerning a country which is likely to call upon itself more notice from the world than any other country on earth. Its great antiquity, its vast resources of wealth of various kinds, and its ancient lore, make it unrivalled. England and America, both their merchants and scholars, especially, must ever be deeply and more deeply interested in India. Mr. Baxter tells his thrilling story in such a pure, simple style that readers of all ages will alike enjoy it. His position as an English statesman is a guarantee of the reliability of its every statement.

COLONEL HENRY BOUQUET AND HIS CAMPAIGNS of 1763 and 1764. By Rev. Cyrus Cort of Greencastle, Franklin county, Pa. Lancaster, Pa., Steinman & Hensel, Printers, 1883. pp. 96. Price, 30c., postpaid.

This work was prepared by the author at the request of a meeting held in Greensburg, Pa., last April, to take into consideration the propriety of celebrating the 120th anniversary of the victory of Col. Henry Bouquet over Pontiac's Confederacy at Bushy Run, August 5th and 6th, 1763. Mr. Cort has performed his duty very well, and brought out a great deal of the history of Col. Bouquet and the exciting times in which he lived. Indeed the biography seems to be complete, not simply giving an account of the victory achieved at Bushy Run, but also of the earlier life of the hero of the battle. The work gives evidence of painstaking research, and throws much light on the stirring scenes enacted in Westmoreland County before the American Revolution. The book we are glad to see does justice to the German Swiss element, so often ignored and underrated in provincial and subsequent periods. It contains in connected form what previously was scattered in various volumes, periodicals and archives, difficult of access. Besides it gives a great deal of matter never before published, and all in the brief space of one hundred pages, and also a likeness of Bouquet. This book is well printed and the profits are to go towards the Bouquet Monument. It can be had at 907 Arch street.

ROBERT RAIKES LIBRARY. The American Sunday School Union, 1122 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has just issued the third set of the Robert Raikes Library, bound in paper. The set consists of the following works: 1. Life of Washington, 288 pages; 2. What is her name? 156 pages; 3. Lost Ket. 157 pages; 4. Amos Armfield, 123 pages; 5. Ruth Lee, 195 pages; 6. Kenneth Forbes, 278 pges; 7. First Twenty Years, 268 pages; 8. Nellie Grey, 216 pages; 9. Pierre and Family, 214 pages; 10. Jessica's First Prayer, Reuben Ken at School, 174 pages. Here there are ten volums containing altogether over 2000 pages of good reading matter, and all for $1.

PRAYERS for week-days, Sundays, and festival days. For children, adults, the sick and dying. For families, at the Lord's Supper, and private devotions. By Rev. B. Bausman, pp. 132. Price 50c. Daniel Miller, Reading, Pa.

We can give the best idea of this book by saying that Dr. Bausman has here furnished in the German language what Dr. Harbaugh furnished in the English, in his "Golden Censer." The title page hardly describes the book, that is, hardly gives an idea of the full contents. There are prayers and hymns for almost every occasion, including the Litany, and also a confirmation certificate. It will be a very helpful handbook of devotion, and will doubtless meet with the favor it deserves.

SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS. By Paxton Hood. He must be a bold man who will undertake to portray the characteristics of a Scotch man. He has generally been found too hard a case, one who could always hold his own against all comers, and finally turn the laugh upon his critics. Johnson, who hated Scotchmen, was no match for the Scot's dry sarcasm. Johnson, in his dictionary, in defining the meaning of oatmeal, said: "Food for horses and Scotchmen." And the Scotchman who saw it wrote on the margin: "Were there ever such horses, were there ever such men?" If, however, the work is to be done at all, there is not a man in Great Britain who is so well fitted for the task as Paxton Hood. No man knows them better. He was near enough to them to know them intimately; he was far enough away to be able to take in their grand proportions of characters. His wit, humor, sarcasm, which abound in all his writings, are apparently concentrated in this. Some of the anecdotes we have seen before, but Mr. Hood tells them in such a quaint way that we find a new interest in them. The old as well as the young will be amused and greatly edified. Published in FUNK & WAGNALL'S "STANDARD LIBRARY." Price, 25 cents.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of The Living Age for August 4th and 11th contain Count Rumford, by J. Tyndall; The Ethics of Biography, by M. O. W. Oliphant; Contemporary Life and Thought in France, Contemporary; The Coming of the Friars, Nineteenth Century; A Chapter of Autobiography, by Bishop Wordsworth, Fortnightly; Warlike Adventures of a Peaceful Prima Donna, Temple Bar; Across the Plains, Longman's; A Letter of Leigh Hunt's, Athenæum; "But Yet a Woman," and the Destruction of Niagara, Spectator; Botanical Transgressions, Month; The Story of a Boulder, Nature; with an instalment of "The Wizard's Son," and "La Dame a la Tasse de The;" and "Grandmother and her three Lovers," by Mm. Erckmann-Chatrian, and poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 00 monthlies or weeklies with the LIVING AGE for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT MONTHLY. August, 1883. Edited by Charles F. Deems. Contents: "What we Mean by Christian Philosophy," by Noah Porter, D D., LL. D., President of Yale College; "Freedom of Will Empirically Considered," by John Bascom, LL. D., President of the University of Wisconsin. New York, E. B. Treat, Publisher, 757 Broadway. $1.50 a year. 15c. a number.

THE MEDICAL BULLETIN: A Monthly Journal of Medicine and Surgery. Edited by John V. Shoemaker, A. M., M. D. Contents for August:—Original Communication. Pure Iron Dyed Surgical Silk, by William H. Pancoast, A. M., M. D.; Enteric, or Typhoid Fever, by W. Stump Forwood, M. D.; Early and Late Operations in Morbid Growths. Abstract of a paper read before the American Medical Association, by Samuel D. Gross, M. D., LL. D. D. C. L. Oxon., LL. D. Cantab; Therapeutic notes; Editorials; Correspondence; College Gossip; Medical News and Miscellany; A Pleasant Visit; Book Reviews; New Publications received. Terms, yearly subscription, $1. Philadelphia, 1031 Walnut Street.

Married.

August 1, 1883, at the Reformed Church parsonage, Summum, Ill., by Rev. J. S. Shade, Mr. E. H. Diehl and Miss Mary J. Stoneberger, only daughter of the late Rev. J. Stoneberger, of Astoria, Ill.

Obituaries.

Character of Malinda Bachman, late wife of the Hon. R. K. Bachman.

Death is no respecter of persons or of time. He strikes, not only in the abode of the old and feeble, but likewise in that of those who are in the meridian of life, with hopes and aspirations reaching onward into the future. Thus it was with our departed friend in whose memory it becomes our principal duty to contribute a modest memoir. Though comparatively young in years, surrounded by a devoted husband and loving children, that she so dearly loved, and so tenderly cared for, yet was she happy to exchange time for eternity. Oh! with what faith and confidence did she look into the future! No shadow of a doubt respecting God, or the bliss and happiness of the just, ever crossed her mind. She was the rich possessor of that living faith. Her labors of the day were never closed without engaging in family devotion. Nightly would this pious mother gather her little ones around her at the bed-side, and teach them the privilege of prayer! Her crowning characteristic, however, which endeared her to the whole community, was her keen sympathy, which shone through her features, and her sincere, kindly, sunny temper. High and low were words without a meaning to her. A sweet smile, a tender look, and an expanded bosom were in store for all. Her guardian care for her little ones, and the bosom friend of her choice, made her the center of happiness of the family. The respect and affection in which she was held in her immediate community were manifested on the day of her burial. The spacious audience room of Durham church was thronged with men and women, and many turned away, unable to enter. Though she was a kind mother, and a devoted wife, and her life adorned with many Christian virtues, yet the invisible angel of death came into the happy family, and laying a cold hand upon her, claimed her for the grave. A struggle of a few weeks' duration went on and hope tantalized us all for a while that she would recover, but the insatiate conqueror who never knew defeat, prevailed, and our lamented friend was numbered with the dead. The beloved form so long familiar to many of us, is no longer seen among us. The voice so full of sympathy and love is hushed forever. But what has happened to her is no uncommon thing, but rather the certain, and common lot of all mankind. The dead many times outnumber the living, and the living must all sleep in the valley of death.

The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm, the struggle, the relief;
Then sleep we side by side.

C. E. H.

Departed this life, July 4, 1883, Mr. William M. Smurr, aged 49 years, 10 months and 8 days, and his eldest son, Henry C. Smurr, aged 17 yrs., 9 months, and 7 days.

The death of these, members of the Reformed congregation at Martinsburg, W. Va., was peculiarly distressing. Leaving home in the early morning healthful and happy in the anticipation of a day's needed recreation, they took the train for Potomac Isle, whither many others were going on the same errand. Having spent the morning fishing, father and son crossed to the canal near by where Mr. Smurr, an expert swimmer, purposed giving Harry a long talked-of lesson in swimming. But like many another lesson, how sad the experience, both were drowned in ten feet of water—they sank clasped in each other's arms. An hour after, their bodies were recovered and by the evening train returned to their once happy homes, but now made desolate and rent with wails of anguish. Deep indeed was the gloom and bitter the sorrow which on that day rested upon the entire community, not alone because of the harshness of the death, but as well because of the high esteem in which both were held.

Mr. Smurr, though a native of Shepherdstown, spent the greater part of his years in Martinsburg. The *Herald* of this city speaks of him as "one of our most highly esteemed citizens, quiet, unobtrusive, a prudent and saving man. He stood well in every circumstance of life and his sad death is widely regretted. He was a master mechanic, and for a number of years an employee of the B. & O. R. R." And yet more than this was he. Baptized in infancy and confirmed in the early years of his manhood, he lived with us to the last, a fairly consistent and worthy Christian life, and this life in him wrought to his honor in all life's relations.

The same paper speaks of Harry as "bright, intelligent and industrious, well liked by all who knew him. He was employed as clerk in Dr. Gerhardt's book-store, who speaks highly of his usefulness, integrity and promise." Harry indeed proved himself a faithful and loving son, a fond brother and a general favorite, for a strong current of religious life showing itself in his word and work, could not fail of this. In the catechetical class I had no more apt or faithful pupil, and when, on Good Friday last, he made his public profession of faith, it was with a degree of ripened understanding not common

Truly we miss them both in their accustomed places, and sad of heart are we in that they are no longer with us in the flesh, yet there lingers not alone the grateful odor of pleasant memories, but the still more fondly cherished hopes of the righteous in Christ, for blessed are they who go to their rest in Him. When they awake, for they yet live, it shall be in His likeness to be perfected and glorified with Him. So is it, that the cup which the Father hath given us, has its double portion, aye is it not after all a sweet bitterness of which we are made to drink which may yet be changed into the veriest best of wine, cheering the heart and quickening our zeal. And this will He do if all unbelief be cast out and we walk in the obedience of faith.

May the loving Father verify to the dear ones who tarry with us the almighty power of His word and grace, that they may be sustained and cheered in this their double affliction. May He help them to understand His good will in causing them to endure such suffering, that they may rejoice in the truth that these our afflictions are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us, and the while may His sweet peace abide both with them and us.

The funeral services were held in the church on the evening of the 5th, conducted by the pastor, assisted by Rev. Dr. Leach. The text of the sermon was St. John 18: 11, latter half of verse. Such was general sympathy and desire to pay respect to the memory of the dead that the church, side and front yards, were too limited to hold the multitude which had gathered, hundreds stood on the pavement and street. The car-shops were closed and full one hundred and fifty officials and fellow-workmen joined in the solemn service.

In the quiet stillness of the evening we laid their bodies side by side in the rest of the grave, in the hope of a blessed resurrection and the life of the world to come. PASTOR.

Departed this life, at her home, near Lovettsville, Va., on Friday, the 27th of July, 1883, Mrs. Rosanna M. George, relict of the late Col. John George, deceased, aged 71 years.

In early life Mrs. George became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in whose communion she lived until July, 1881, when she united with the Reformed church at Lovettsville. During all these years she witnessed a good profession, and adorned it by an exemplary Christian walk and conversation in all the varied relations of life She was highly esteemed by the community in which she lived, for her many Christian virtues, as was evidenced by the very large number of friends and neighbors who attended her funeral which took place the Sabbath following her death.

Though a great sufferer for the last several weeks of her life she bore her sufferings with patient resignation to the will of Him to whom she had many years before consecrated herself in soul and body, property and life. Her end, therefore, was full of hope and peace.

Mrs. George was the mother of nine children, five sons and four daughters, all of whom survive her except a daughter, the former wife of the Rev. J. A. Peters, of Lancaster, Pa. May her surviving children follow her faith that they, at death, may enter into her joy and so abide with her in rest and peace. R.

DIED.—In Mifflinburg, Pa., August 5th, David Wilson, son of James H. and Ada L. Snodgrass, aged 9 months and 21 days.

"There we shall find what here we lose,
And keep it evermore;
There we shall join our sainted dead,
Who are but gone before."

DIED.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Charles Helman, in Marshall county, Ill., on the 14th of July, Mrs. Catherine Lesh, relict of the late Peter Lesh.

Mother Lesh was in early life confirmed a member of the Reformed Church, New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa., then under the pastorate of Rev. Jacob Scholl, long since gone to rest. At the time of her death she was a member of "Grace" Reformed Church of Washington, D. C., and so long as she was able, was regularly found in her place in the House of God. Nothing could swerve her from her loyalty to the Reformed Church. With the exception of a year in the West, a summer now and then in Pennsylvania and a few months with her son at Anacostia, she lived with her son in Washington, D. C., since the death of her husband. In June last she determined to visit her only daughter, Mrs. Mary M. Helman, near Bradford, Ills. Her son accompanied her, not without serious misgivings as to her physical ability to make the journey. But, thanks to the kind Heavenly Father, she was permitted to make the journey in safety, and was much delighted, and it was earnestly hoped that years might be added to her life. But that fell destroyer, Bright's disease, had marked her for a victim, and after a last attack of eleven days suffering, she fell asleep, gently and peacefully in the arms of her Saviour. Her age was 74 years, 8 months, 16 days. For years she had waited calmly, and was ready and willing to go. Rev. Mr. Rinson, of the M. E. Church, visited her during her last illness and conducted her funeral services.

Her body was laid to rest July 16, 1883, in the beautiful cemetery at Princeton, Ills., while that of Father Lesh reposes in Newport, Perry Co., Pa. Their released spirits are now re-united before the Throne; and of them it can be said, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." May God help us to honor and revere our parents as long as we live. W. W. L.

Acknowledgments.

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME.

Received at Bethany Orphans' Home, Womelsdorf, Pa. From Mrs Catherine Kunkle, Harrisburg, $50 00. Mrs Martha J Nevin, Carnarvon Place, 35 00. St Mathews Ref S S Chester Co, Rev L D Stambaugh, 1 60. Oley Ref Ch, Rev D E Schoedler, 9 88. Dr Isaac Lefever, Harrisburg, 1 00. Thomas Christman, Colbrooks Dale, 25 00. Sustentation Soc, Womelsdorf, one quilt. Wm H Snyder, Falkaner Swamp, 25 00. Missionary Soc, Lehighton. Rev J H Hartman, 25 00. Jacob Bausman, Lancaster, 500 00. George Z Kunkle, Harrisburg, 10 00. Rev J C Leinbach, in memory of Dr C H Leinbach, 10 00. Edward Shuey, 5 00. Rev W G Engle, Pillow, 5 00 Rev J A Hartman, Lehighton, 5 00. Cash, 5 00. Peter Bile, 5 00 Emma Fretz, 2 50. Alvin Shyder, 2 20 Jacob Bingaman, 5 00. Mrs Jacob Bingaman, 5 00. Bertha Walmer, 5 00. Adam Ream, 20 00 Ellen Knabb, 1 00. Annie Geiger, 1 00. Mrs Miller, 2 00. Henry Koch, 10 00. S G Baltz, Lebanon, 5 00. W D Rauch, Lebanon, 5 00. Jacob Gerhart, 5 00 Adam Laubach, 5 00. Cash Sundry persons, 3 75. Jacob Christman, 5 00 Levi Line, 5 00. B. Longanecker, 5 00. Little Miss Zieber, 1 00. W H Levan, 10 00. Wilhelmina Haskel, 1 00. Carrie Engle, 1 00. Geo Seidle, 1 00 Samuel Machamer, 1 00. Miss Katie Trout, 1 00 Alfieta Nice, 1 00 Sallie Erb, 1 00. Ella Gabriel, 2 50. Mr Faber, 1 00. Mrs Stem and daughter, 5 00. J B Fricker, 5 00. S S Long, 10 00. Father and mother, 5 00. Millie May Hamaker, Harrisburg, 5 00. Cash from Reading, 15 00 J S Christman, 20 00. Basket Collection, 213 55. Henry Bausman, 20 00. Benjamine Longacher, 10 00 Mary McGill, 50. New Holland, 5 00. Cash, 5 00. Johnnie and Annie Stranck, 2 00. Minnie L Richard, 1 00. Edgar Fritzenger, 1 00. Willie Levan, 1 00. Murphy and Lula Small, 2 00. Eddie and Davie McGill, 1 00. Laura and Sammie McGill, 2 00. Mary McGill, 50. Willie Prutzman, 1 00. Mrs H H Spayd, 5 00. Blue meeting-house, 1 50. John Biery, 5 00. Adam Yeagler, 2 00. Mrs Solomon Hartman, Reading, 5 00. Two Friends from Easton, 2 00. Receipts from lunch table, 245 60. Receipts from ice cream, 107 76. Receipts from Confections, 72 86. T D Bausher, Reading, 5 00. Mrs Amanda Bausher, 5 00. Thomas Calvin Leinbach, Reading, 5 00. Kate Leinbach, 5 00. Mrs R V R Fry, Lancaster, 5 00. Mrs Rebecca Haas, Reading, 10 00.

D. B. ALBRIGHT, Supt.

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

New York is numerically the greatest Roman Catholic city in the world.

A Boston gentleman has given $50,000 to Mr. Moody for his Northfield Seminary, on condition that other friends give an equal amount.

At the recent Mormon Conference in Salt Lake City some 200 missionaries were sent out, making 360 for the year. Of these, 100 go to the Southern States, whence 200 converts have been forwarded recently to Colorado.

Professor Paul Haupt, of the University of Gottingen, has been invited to fill the Chair of Semitic Languages at Johns-Hopkins University. He is only thirty years old, but has already risen to enviable prominence among German philologists.

The Missouri Court of Appeals has issued a decree restraining the Pilgrim Congregational church chimes, St. Louis, Mo., from being rung at night on the ground that they are a nuisance to some of the people living near the church. The suit has been in the courts four years, and has caused a great deal of acrimonious feeling.

It is understood that Bishop Potter will do nothing in the case of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, against whom charges of heresy have been preferred. It is said, however, that those who preferred the charges secured the approval of Bishop Williams of Connecticut, and also that they have the sympathy of Bishops Coxe and Huntington.

The Saloon-keepers' Association of Kansas City, Mo., has decided to conform strictly to the Downing law, both as regards high license and closing on Sundays. They, however determined that if compelled to close on Sunday they will see that the Sunday law is enforced against all other business and work. The Association comprises about three fourths of the saloon-keepers of the city.

The Salvation Army has been refused permission by the authorities of Brooklyn, N. Y., to parade or hold meetings on the City Hall steps, as has been their custom for the past year. Complaints have been made about the blocking of streets, and interruption of business by the Army processions, and many people have been annoyed by the loud singing and shouting with which the army services were attended. In consequence of those complaints the permits were revoked.

The Secretary of the American Episcopal Church Building Fund Society, which was organized in 1880, reports that the amount contributed to the Society in that time is $50,000. The largest number of applications for help come from Texas and Virginia. In the latter State the communicants of the Episcopal Church have increased 300 per cent. since 1866. The opportunities for growth for this denomination are very great, and they are making good use of their opportunities.

The following-named prelates have been summoned to Rome:—Archbishops Corrigan, of New York; Gibbons, of Baltimore; Williams, of Boston; Feehan, of Chicago; Elder, of Cincinnati; Heiss, of Milwaukee; Perche, of New Orleans; Seghers, of Oregon City; Kendrick, of St. Louis; Alemany, of San Francisco; and Lamy, of Santa Fe. Of these, Archbishops Perche, of New Orleans, and Kendrick, of St. Louis, will be represented by their coadjutors, Bishops Lerray and Ryan.

Abroad.

The French *Friend of Israel*, in its last number, announces that the Jews are arriving in great numbers in Palestine, in spite of the prohibition of the Sultan.

The Society of Friends in England has just repealed the prohibition of the marriage of first cousins, which has been in force in that body for nearly 200 years.

The French Methodist Conference have just closed an interesting session. The church increases every year and owns property to the value of $165,000. The increase in numbers is about seven per cent.

The same decadence that characterizes the Friends in the United States seems to mark the denomination in England. Their number is about 15,000. During the last twenty years there has been but a very slight increase, and last year none whatever.

The recent discovery of Pithom, one of the two "treasure cities" the Children of Israel "built for Pharaoh," strikingly confirms the history in Exodus. Numerous chambers were found, built of large crude bricks, some with and some without straw, with walls from eight to ten feet thick, and no trace of a door in any of them. It is obvious that they were designed for the granaries or storerooms.

The French translation of the Protestant Episcopal Prayer Book has at last been accomplished. The book is arranged with French and English text on opposite pages. It has been submitted to the Rev. Dr. Mackey, of the English church at Paris, for approval. The transition now going on in the popular mind in France on the subject of religion has made the necessity for translation very apparent.

The friends of the organ have broken down the barriers against it in the Scottish Free church, in the Irish Presbyterian church, and won a final victory in the American United Presbyterian church. They have also more than held their ground in the Scottish Established church. There is now no considerable body of Presbyterians which hold that it is wrong to praise God with musical instruments.

Cardinal Manning, of England, strenuously protests against the marriage of Catholics with Protestants. In the course of a recent sermon in Liverpool he declared that mixed marriages, as he knew by long experience of his own flock, brought lukewarmess, negligence, non-fulfillment of duty, and the sending of children to schools that were not Catholic, where they could never learn their religion, and where they acquired habits which ended at last in entire loss of faith.

The committee appointed by the English Presbyterian Synod when in session last April to consider certain changes to be made in the Confession of Faith held their preliminary meeting last week. They will put themselves in immediate communication with the committee appointed for the same purpose by the Pan-Presbyterian Church, and without doubt will be able to report at the meeting of the Synod in May, 1884. No one can tell what changes will be made, but their adoption or rejection will, without doubt, cause an interesting discussion at home and abroad.

The Protestant Church of Germany, during her preparation for the fourth century of Luther's birth, is rudely disturbed by a vigorous Roman Catholic attack from Janssen, a Professor in Frankfort-on-the-Main. It is Janssen's aim to show that the Reformation was the greatest calamity that ever befell Germany and Europe; that Luther is the spiritual father of revolution, and Rome the protectress of order in Church and State; that before the Reformation the condition of the civilized world in religion, morals, science, and art had reached an unexampled height, and that the steps of the new movement were marked by decay and corruption everywhere. In a few months after publication 14,000 copies of the book were sold. Replies have been written by Kostlin, Kameran, and others.

Attention has been called anew in Paris to the Order of the Barefooted Clares. There are eighteen of these nuns, and fourteen are under twenty-two years of age. The reason of this, according to a statement just made by Baron Palet, is that the rule of the Clare is so excessively severe that nearly all the inmates die young. They go barefoot on the cold stone flooring; they never warm themselves at a fire, even the kitchen fire being placed beyond their access; they eat meat only on Christmas day; they sleep on a narrow board; they must spend ten hours every day upon their knees, and they are only allowed to speak to one another on rare occasions. The abbess, through a grating, assured the Baron that more than one of her nuns, through cultivation of this grace of silence, had actually lost the power of forming a sentence.

It is safe to assert that nine families out of ten lose one hundred dollars' worth of apparel every year by the use of poor soap. Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, says: "I am "surprised to find a "*laundry* soap of such "*remarkable purity* as the 'Ivory.'" Hold fast to that which is good.

SUMMER MUSIC BOOKS FOR SUMMER RESORTS

Yes, it is undoubtedly a good plan to take with you to the summer home a well selected set of music books for singing and for playing.

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TIME TABLE.—MAY 21st, 1883.

Stations. / TRAINS.	N. O. Exp.	Acc'm South'n Mail	Phil. Exp.	Carl. Acc.*	Hb'g. Exp.
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Baltimore	11 20	.....	7 35	19 50	.....	4 35
" Philadelphia..	11 20	4 30	7 40	11 05	.....	5 40
	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
" Harrisburg....	3 15	7 35	11 30	4 05	6 30	8 55
" Mechanicsb'g	3 38	8 04	11 50	4 30	7 00	9 20
" Carlisle.....	4 00	8 30	12 19	4 55	7 20	9 43
" Newville.....	4 23	8 55	12 50	5 20	.....	10 06
" Shippensburg	4 44	9 19	12 50	5 45	.....	10 32
Ar. Chambersb'g	5 07	9 45	1 08	6 08	.....	10 55
Lv. Chambersb'g	5 12	9 50	1 10	6 13	.....	P. M.
" Greencastle...	5 35	10 14	1 30	6 35	.....	
Ar. Hagerstown..	6 00	10 40	1 50	7 00	.....	A. M.
Lv. Hagerstown..	A. M.	10 45	2 00	7 05	.....	6 05
Ar. Martinsburg..	DAILY	11 30	3 20	7 50	.....	6 46
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.

* On Saturdays this train will leave Harrisburg at 5 30 P. M.
† Monday Morning Accommodation.

Stations. / DOWN TRAINS	Hb'g. Exp.	Sat. Acc'n	Mail Train.	Phila. Exp.	Mail Exp.	N. Y. Exp.
	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Lv. Martinsburg	.....	8 00	7 00	.....	3 00	DAILY
Ar. Hagerstown..	.....	8 50	7 54	.....	3 48	P. M.
Lv. Hagerstown..	.....	P. M.	8 00	11 50	3 55	9 05
" Greencastle...	.....	.....	8 26	12 15	4 23	9 25
Ar. Chambersb'g	A. M.	.....	8 50	12 38	4 50	9 45
Lv. Chambersb'g	4 30	Carl.	8 55	12 42	4 55	9 50
" Shippensburg	4 56	Acc'n	9 19	1 06	5 21	10 10
" Newville.....	5 18	A. M.	9 42	1 30	5 46	10 30
" Carlisle.....	5 42	7 30	10 08	1 58	6 15	10 50
" Mechanicsb'g	6 06	7 57	10 33	2 23	6 45	11 10
Ar. Harrisburg...	6 35	8 30	11 00	2 55	7 15	11 30
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Ar. Philadelphia	10 20	.....	3 15	7 25	.....	2 55
" Baltimore.....	10 20	.....	.....	5 20	.....	.....
	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.		A. M.

C. V. R. R.—SOUTH PENN BRANCH.

Mixed Train	Mail Train			Mail Train	Mixed Train
A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.
9 50	6 05	Lve..... Chambersburg..... Arr		8 45	4 50
10 03	6 20	" ..... Marion..... "		8 30	4 35
11 20	7 05	" ..... Mercersburg..... "		7 45	3 10
12 00	7 25	" ..... London..... "		7 20	2 30
12 15	7 35	Arr..... Richmond..... "		7 10	2 15
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.

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The Revolt in Spain.

The Spanish Revolt proved to be more extended than was at first supposed, but is said to be nearly ended. Four rebel sergeants have been executed. It is reported that the ministry will be charged when the revolts have been suppressed.

A Nihilist Bomb.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 8.—A small tin box containing explosive material was on Tuesday thrown in the Varnesinsky Prospect from a carriage which was being driven along the thoroughfare. The box exploded immediately. No arrests have yet been made of persons supposed to have been connected with the deed.

Cholera.

London, August 12.—The deaths from cholera in the Egyptian provinces on Friday numbered 926, including 235 in the province of Dakulich, 150 in the province of Garbich, and 235 in Ghizeh and Atfe. On Saturday there were 789 deaths, including 30 in Cairo, 141 in Ghizeh and Atfe and 295 in the province of Siout.

Hundreds of people have fled to Cairo from Alexandria. Cherif Pasha, President of the Egyptian Council of Ministers, arrived at Cairo from Alexandria on Saturday. There have been no fresh cases of cholera among the British troops in Egypt, and their general health is excellent.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, August 13, 1883.

FLOUR.—We quote: Western and Pennsylvania, superfine, $3.25@3.62½; do. do. extras, $3.75@4.25; Pennsylvania extra family, $4.90@5; Ohio extra family, $5.50@6; Indiana extra family, $5.50@6; St. Louis and Southern Illinois extra family, $5.50@6.25; Minnesota bakers', clear, $5@5.75; Minnesota, bakers', straight, $5.75@6; patents, Winter wheat, $6@6.87½; do. Spring wheat, $6@7.25. Rye Flour moves slowly at unchanged prices. We quote at $3.50@3.62½ per bbl.

WHEAT.—Sales of 2000 bushels steamer red in export elevator at $1.11½; 600 bushels Western No. 3 red do. do. at $1.11½; 600 bushels Western No. 2 red do. do. at $1.15½; 13,000 bushels No. 2 Delaware red on track and in export elevator, at $1.16; 1000 bushels do. do. do. on dock at $1.13; 1200 bushels No. 1 Pennsylvania red on track, at $1.18; 20,000 bushels No. 2 red September, at $1.16½.

CORN.—Sales of 2400 bushels low mixed, rejected, at 53c.; 600 bushels No. 3 mixed in grain depot at 59c.; 600 bushels steamer mixed in grain depot, at 60c; 600 bushels steamer yellow in grain depot at 64c.; 1200 bushels sail mixed, to arrive, at 62c.; 1800 bushels do. track at 61½@62c., with 60½c. bid and 60¾c. asked for do. in export elevator; 1200 bushels sail yellow, in grain depot at 65@66c.; 10,000 bushels sail mixed, September, at 61½c.

OATS.—Sales of 20,000 bushels No. 2 white, November, at 37c., closing as follows: No. 2 white, August, 37½c. bid and 38½c. asked; do. September, 36½c. bid and 37½c. asked; do. October, 36½c. bid and 37c. asked; do. November, 36¾c. bid and 37c. asked.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote: Timothy, choice Western and New York, $16 ₱ ton; do. No. 1 do. do., $14@15; do. No. 2 do. do., $12@13; mixed, $11@13; damaged and low grades, $8@10; cut hay, $15@18; rye straw, $11; wheat straw, $6@7; oat straw, $8.

WOOL.—Sales during the week, 1,700,000 lbs. We quote: Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia fleece washed, XX and above, 37@40c.; X, 36@37c; half blood, 40@41c.; quarter blood 34@36c.; common, 26@28c.; New York, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin fleece, washed XX, 33@36c; X, 33@35c; half blood, 39@40c.; quarter blood, 33@35c.; common, 26@28c. Combing and DeLaine Fleece—Washed, fine DeLaine, 40@41c.; do. medium, 41@43c.; do low, 33@37c.; unwashed, medium, 30@33c.; do. low. 22@27c.

BUTTER.—We quote: Creamery, Pennsylvania, extra, 22c; firsts, 20c; do. Western, extra, 22c.; firsts, 20c; do, imitation, extra, 18c.; firsts, 15@17c; Welsh tubs, Bradford County, nominal; Western dairy, nominal; extra, 16@17c; firsts, 13@15c; factory, extra, 13@14c; firsts, 10@12c; prints, Pennsylvania, extra, 26@28c; firsts, 22@24c; seconds, 17@20c; rolls, nominal: firsts, 22@24c; seconds and common butter, 4@5c; grease, scrapings and common shipping grades 8@10c.

EGGS.—We quote: Pennsylvania and New Jersey, extra, 21½@22c; firsts, 21c; Delaware and Maryland, extra, 21½@22c; firsts, 21c; Western, extra, 21c; firsts 20½c.

GREEN FRUITS.—We quote: Apples, red Astrachan, per crate, $1@1.25; do. sour, per bbl. choice hand-picked, $2@2 50: do. sour, per bbl. fair to good, $1@1.50; blackberries, cultivated, per quart, 7@8c; peaches, Maryland and Delaware—Troth's per crate, $1.50@2; Hale's early, per crate. $1@1.25; whortleberries, per qt, 5@6c; watermelons, extra, per 100, $15@20; do. prime, per 100, $12@15; do. culls, $6@8; citron Jersey, per bbl., $1.50@2; pears, Bartlett, per crate, $1 75@2 50; do. common and cooking 50c.@$1; grapes, Southern Concord, per lb, 8@10.; do. do. Ives' per lb, 8c.

LIVE POULTRY.—We quote: Fowls, near by, 16c; do, Southern and Western, 15@16c; roosters, old, 8@9c; Spring small and medium, 13@15c;do. large, 15c; turkeys, near by, 12@13c: do. Southern and Western, 12c; ducks, near by 12@13c; do, Southern and Western, 12.

VEGETABLES.—We quote: Potatoes—Early rose, Maryland and Delaware, per bbl, 50c@$1; early rose, Jersey, per bbl, $1.25; Jerseys, per basket, 25@30c. Onions, per bbl, $2@2.25.

Live Stock Prices.

BEEF CATTLE were fairly active for the good grades, which were firmer, while common stock was hard to dispose of. Quotations: Extra, 6¾@6¾c.; good, 6¼@6¾c.; medium, 6@6¼c.; common, 5¼@5¾c; Texans, 4¾@5¾c.

CITY DRESSED BEEVES were active, and prices closed firm at 7¾@9¼c., the former rate for common Texans.

DRESSED SHEEP were in demand and prices closed at 7@10c. Lambs at 11@14c.

FAT COWS were hard to dispose of at 3¼@4¼c.

HOGS were fairly active at a decline of ¼c. Quotations: Extra, 8¼c.; good, 8¾c.; medium, 8¼c; common, 8@8¼c.

MILCH COWS were in better request at $35@70.

SHEEP AND LAMBS were in full supply, and active for all grades except common, which are hard to sell at any figures. Quotations: Extra, 5¼@5¾c.; good, 5@5¼c; medium, 4¼@4¾c; common, 3¼@4c.: culls. 2@3c.; lambs, 3@8c.

VEAL CALVES were active and higher at 6@8c.

WESTERN DRESSED BEEVES were active and prices closed at 9¼@9¼c.

THE SUMMER ISSUE OF *STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER'S QUARTERLY*, just out, is a splendid number. Every page is of interest to the ladies. New fancy work designs and stitches; instructions in amateur art, and how to adorn the person and decorate the home; a pretty piece of new vocal music; and the Summer Fashions in every department of Dry Goods fully illustrated. Price, 15 cents. Get a copy from your Newsdealer, or send to STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Its special field of usefulness is the preservation of food in large or small quantities, which it keeps pure, and is therefore healthful.

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Cream, oysters, meats, etc., preserved by this method may be carried across the continent, or shipped to Europe, retaining their freshness and purity without the use of ice or any refrigerating appliance; or they may be kept at home for days and weeks even in the hottest weather, *improving in taste*, besides saving much time and expense in the cost of ice and trouble in going to market.

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"I ate daily of cream, preserved by 'REX MAGNUS' during an entire voyage to Europe, in the summer of 1882," said Mr. Harvey D. Parker, of the Parker House, Boston, "and it was perfectly *sweet* and natural during the whole trip." And in attestation of its ability to preserve oysters and *in their liquor*, Messrs. E. B. Mallory & Co., of Baltimore Md., one of the largest shipping firms of canned raw oysters in the world—say: "The oysters put up for us treated with REX MAGNUS kept in a warm room for several weeks, and when cooked *were as perfect* in taste, color, and odor as they were before they were placed in the antiseptic." Mr. Alfred B. Durand, of Paris, France, writes in his nephew, Mr. Joseph Norris, of Philadelphia, Pa., to say: "The oysters you sent (treated with REX MAGNUS, arrived in *splendid condition*, and tasted as fresh as if they had been caught yesterday." It should be borne in mind that *there is nothing so difficult to keep as raw oysters.* A quart jar of oysters in their liquor, was left in the private office of H. P. Hubbard, Proprietor of the well-known International Newspaper Agency, of New Haven, Conn., for thirty days. They had been treated with REX MAGNUS, bought in open market and were, when eaten by Mr. H. in company with other good judges a month after treatment, *perfect in every particular.* Mr. Hubbard also ate, with some other gentlemen, raw oysters preserved in the same way, but in Professor Johnson's laboratory, *after thirty-five days.* These were also natural, sweet, and, indeed, all that could be desired by the most exacting epicure. It will keep all meats, poultry and game, also cream, milk, &c., equally well.

Solid Scientific Endorsement.

In addition to these flattering statements, Prof. Samuel W. John-on, for the past twenty-seven years the well-known chemist in the scientific department of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., has given his unqualified endorsement, establishing the marvelous results of REX MAGNUS, when used under his personal inspection. His statement alone would satisfy any and every thoughtful, and interested reader. Under the most severe and unfavorable conditions in his private laboratory, and with an average temperature of over 70° Fahr., he has for days saw fish, beef, pork, domestic fowl, game, cream, oysters, milk, etc., preserved for over thirty days. They had all been purchased in open market and treated with REX MAGNUS, different days having been chosen, which where deemed advisable, and they all remained sweet, tender, wholesome and natural.

The Profe-sor's concluding words, used in this report, are as follows, and are strong language:

"My tests of 35 days have certainly been severe, and I am satisfied that the several preparations of Professor Humiston's, with which I have experimented, *have accomplished all he claimed for them.* So far as I have yet learned, *they are the only preparations that are effective, and at the same time practicable,* for domestic use." "Rex Magnus" is *safe, tasteless, pure,* and Prof. Johnson adds, "*is no more harmful than common salt.*"

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REX MAGNUS, reco lect, is, a healthful, tasteless, cheap food preservative, and a perfect and reliable substitute for ice, heat, sugar, salt or alcohol. It preserves, sweetens, and makes tender any kind of beef, pork, veal or mutton, and that too regardless of climate, heat, cold, or any unfavorable surrounding. It also preserves poultry, fish, oysters, game, butter, lard, tallow, milk, eggs, beer, cider, wine, fluid extracts, veg table juices, hams, shoulders, roasting ears, or green corn on the ear etc., etc. "in fact," remarks a scientific journal, in discussing this matter recently, "it is difficult to imagine the limit to which this welcome preservative may assist, in the development of the trade in fresh meats, etc., both in the domestic as well as in the foreign supply."

In the light of these facts, not a pound of beef, pork, mutton, veal, poultry, fish, wild game, butter or cheese, should be eaten until it has been saved and made pure by REX MAGNUS.

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It must not be compared with the numerous vile and worthless compounds which have imposed upon the public in times past. This succeeds where all others have failed.

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"OCEAN WAVE" is for the preservation of oysters, oyster liquor, clams, lobsters, fish, sea turtles and all kinds of sea food, either in or out the shell. Price 50 cents per lb.

"PEARL" is for the preservation of cream. Price $1.00 per lb.

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Dr. Franz Liszt to the Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co. Copy of an Original Letter of the Master; also, of Letter by Prof. Muller-Hartung.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company recently sent to Dr. Franz Liszt one of its organs, and has received the following letters in reply. They now appear for the first time in print:

LETTER FROM DR FRANZ LISZT.

(TRANSLATION.)

HIGHLY ESTEEMED SIRS—What a magnificent organ for which I have to thank you! It is a marvel, and really praise-worthy! Even players of moderate ability will be able to create much admiration in its use:

I should have liked very much to retain this splendid instrument in my own house, but, unfortunately, there is not sufficient space for it. It is now an ornament to the hall of the Orchestra School in Weimar, an institution of note, whose excellent director is the court chapel master, Professor Muller-Hartung. He has published some beautiful things for the organ, which he plays not less beautifully.

On the evening when the organ was set up two renowned organists played it, viz.:

A. W. Gotuschlag (editor of the excellent Organ Repertoriums—three large volumes already published by Schuberth, Leipzig and New York) and B. Sulze, who has gained quite a reputation by compositions and transcriptions, which are copyrighted.

I shall have this summer, in all probability, a call from Dr. Naumann, of Jena; Walter Bache, of London, and St. Saens, who in my opinion is the most eminent and greatest master of the organ. I shall not fail to induce these artists to become acquainted with your instrument. There need not be any fear of it being misused; it will remain closed to the ordinary player.

Accept, dear sirs, the sentiment of my deep esteem and gratitude.

(Signed) F. LISZT.

WEIMAR, June 12th.

LETTER FROM PROF. MULLER-HARTUNG.

(TRANSLATION.)

HONORED SIR—The organ transferred through the kindness of Dr. Liszt to the Orchestra and Music School, is truly an ornament to the institution. It is placed at under the bust of the great master, thereby receiving a fitting consecration. Its surpassing excellence is to be noticed at once, not only in the beautiful case, but in the wealth of tone of the registers of the three manuals and pedals. But the full resources and beauty of the instrument, the variety of all possible combinations in their different shades and blending tone colors cannot be brought out by a close study of the organ. The teachers of the institution, as well as I myself, are looking forward to do this with much pleasure.

Permit me to express to you my joy and gratitude for this noble production. With much respect, yours truly,

MULLER-HARTUNG,
Director of the Music School and Prof. of Music.

WEIMAR, June 13, 1883.

—*New York Musical Courier.*

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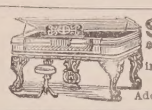

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SOME TESTIMONIALS FOR 1883.

HARRISBURG, PA., July 17th, 1883.

DEAR MR. SHORTLIDGE:
I have just received news from Harvard I have passed, with one condition *French.* Everything is very satisfactory to my parents, I remain,
Yours, etc.,
F. B. WIESTLING.

YORK, PA., July 10 h, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. SHORTLIDGE:
I have received word that of seventy-one applicants admitted to the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College I was one of the six who got in without condition.
Yours cordially,
ROBERT F. GIBSON.

CEDAR CREEK, N. J., June 18th, 1883.

DEAR MR. SHORTLIDGE:
I have been admitted to Lehigh University clear of all condition.
DANIEL S. WILLIAMS, JR.

From David Greene, Columbus, Ohio, who commenced to fit for Princeton only in April previous to the June examination.

COLUMBUS, ONIO, June 29th, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR:
I have been admitted to Princeton with three light conditions. Hoping you and your family are all well, I am,
Yours truly,
DAVID GREENE.

LEBANON, PA., June 28th, 1883.

MR. S. C. SHORTLIDGE.
Dear Sir:—I passed my examinations at Princeton without a condition, very much to the credit of you and your school.
I am very much obliged to you for sending a teacher to Princeton with me, and also to Mr. L—— himself for rendering me the useful services he did, while there.
Respectfully yours,
LYMAN H. NUTTING.

HOCKESSIN, DEL., July 19th, 1883.

TO MR. S. C. SHORTLIDGE, PRINCIPAL OF MEDIA ACADEMY:
I have just received my certificate of admission to Harvard. I have but one condition—German.
EUGENE WALKER.

READING, PA., June 28th, 1883.

MR. S. C. SHORTLIDGE.
Dear Sir:—I received the official announcement from Princeton this morning. I have been conditioned in English and Latin grammar. In the rest I was almost perfect, I am sure. As these conditions are both very light I will have no trouble in making them up between now and September.
I am well satisfied with this year's work, as I began the Algebra and Geometry last fall, ne er before having studied either of them. Of the Latin I knew nothing when I began it in Decemb r.
Again thanking you for your kindness during the year, I remain,
Yours truly,
HENRY S. LIVINGOOD.

READING, PA., July 23d, 1883.

DEAR MR. SHORTLIDGE:
Last Saturday I received my papers from Harvard. I find that I passed my Preliminary examination in all except Algebra. My successful papers were Cæsar and Virgil, Latin at Sight and Composition, Plane Geometry, Arithmetic, Ancient History and Geography, Natural Philosophy and English Composition; passing seven out of eight.
I was rather surprised about the Algebra, but then the paper was *hard and puzzling.*
Papa is more than pleased with your school, and says you may expect my brother Louis and myself in the Fall.
Please give my regards to my friends and the boys at "S. M. A.," and believe me
Yours respectfully,
CHAS. J. LIVINGOOD.

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